

NEW YORK CURB MARKET TRANSACTIONS

INSURANCE WEEK CELEBRATED

Ecker Outlines Duties Now Facing Family Heads

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKESYER
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New York, May 10—Frederick H. Ecker, executive head of America's largest life insurance company, the Metropolitan, on the eve of Insurance Week, chatted with me in his office about the responsibility and

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what life insurance means to M. S. Bukeyser and his family, and in general they cling to their policies steadfastly, while they were giving up many of the luxuries of life.

This is shown by the fact that, though the national income dropped nearly 50 per cent, the total

over the previous year for the first time since 1929.

Mr. Ecker envisages insurance was solely an educational venture, designed to give a better opportunity to understand the uses and value of life insurance.

The executive is opposed to high pressure sales drives.

In fact, he maintains a whole department to review sales in

declined barely 16 per cent, falling from a peak of \$168,000,000 to \$139,500,000."

At present, Mr. Ecker indicated, responding to my questions, the insurance profession has an opportunity not only to replace the net

The slogan for insurance week is "The sooner you plan your future,"

amount of insurance canceled during the depression, but they make up for the lack of normal growth of insurance in force during the last five years.

Mr. Thompson expressed the hope that despite the temptation to buy luxury goods, prudent people would

the better your future will be."

Congress and the politicians have been flitting with the idea of social insurance.

Men of thrift and industry, wanting more than minimum standards for themselves and their dependents, will continue to provide their own form of old age insurance.

Earnings Given

San Francisco — Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. and associated companies, controlled by American Telephone & Telegraph Co., report for quarter ended

March 21, 1934, net income of \$3,917,382 equal, after dividend requirements on the 6 per cent preferred, to \$149 a share and the 1,305,000 shares of \$100 par common, against \$3,702,597, or \$137 a common share, in March quarter of 1934.

Loss in 1934

Rochester—Ritter Dental Manufacturing Co. reports for year ended Dec. 21, 1934, net loss of \$251,495, against net loss of \$95,055 in 1933.

NSACTIONS

78%	British	5%	37	112%	112%	11%	
103%	Welsh	45	60-97	114%	114%	11%	
55%	Buenos	4%	48	41%	41%	61%	
52%	Buenos	A	81%	41%	41%	61%	
35%	Canada	5%	52	113%	113%	113%	
87%	Canada	4%	36	102%	102%	102%	
40%	Canada	4%	60	108%	108	108	
	Sao Paulo	8%	40	84%		84%	
	Sao Paulo	8%	68			16	16
	Sao Pub Wk	61%	51	381%	37%	381%	
	Serbo Cts	5%	62	32%	32%	32%	
	Stencia	8%	46	29%	29%	29%	
	Taiwan	8%	71	83%	83	83	

91%	China	7 to 44	12%	12%	12%
91%	China	7 to 44	14	14	14
90%	China	6 to 30	13%	13%	13%
103%	China	5 to 41 Jan	13	13	13
102%	China	4 to 41 Feb	13%	13	13
98%	China	6 to 61 Sept	13%	13%	13%
21%	China	6 to 63	13%	15%	13%

38	Chislean Mun 7 60	11	11	11
100%				
100%	Colomb 8s 91 Jan	27%	27%	27%
100%	Colomb 8s 91 Oct	27%	27%	27%
106 1/2	Colomb Mt Rn 4 1/2s 47	20%	20%	20%
93 1/2				
94 1/2	Copenhagen 3s 32	91	90	91
30 1/2	Copenhagen 4 1/2s 53	87	87	87

88%	Argentina 5% 42	76	76
87%	Cordeiro 5% 42	76	76
87%	Cuba 5% 33	90	90
37%	Cuba 5% 45	34	34
13%	Denmark 6% 42	103	103
112%	Denmark 4% 42	92	92
105%	Dom Rep of 5% 42	70	70

91%	El Paso Gas	6-1-89	37%	37%	37%
91%	United Gas	6-1-89	102%	102%	102%
74%	Frankfort	6-1-89	24	24	24
14%	Ger C AEP	BSK 7-80	39	39	39
26%	Ger C AEP	BSK 7-80	37%	34%	37%
53%	Ger C AEP	BSK 7-80	32%	31	32%
26%	Ger C AEP	BSK 7-80	32%	31	32%
26%	Ger C AEP	BSK 7-80	32%	31	32%

Your funds soundly invested in
Hearst Class "A" 7% Cumulative
Preferred Stock

	Ger C Ag Loan	58.39	39.38	24.26
100%	Ger Govt	101.31	28.28	24.26
95%	Ger Govt	12.10	35.33	33.33
90%	Ger Govt	21.44	48.48	15.15
100%	Ql Con Yl Jap	61.61	36.36	8.88
101%	Uzbek Ts	44.44	33.33	45.45
102%	Uzbek Ts	44.44	25.25	20.20

30	Hanna S&N 64 20.00	42 1/2	42 1/2
88 1/2	Investing 64 1/2 20.00	102 1/2	102 1/2
92 1/2	Ital Pub 51 1/2 7 1/2	80	80
103 1/2	May 75 11 1/2	56 1/2	56 1/2
107 1/2	Japan 51 1/2 4	28 1/2	28 1/2
109 1/2	K&R 44 43 1/2	21 1/2	21 1/2

84%	Marathon Oil 7 1/2	85	65	80
8%	Met Water 3 1/2	50	97 1/2	97 1/2
8%	Max to am 8 1/2	33	7	4
84%	Metro 10 1/2	46	32	43
	Mitani 10 1/2	43	7	43
	Mitani 10 1/2	43	7	43
34	Mitani 10 1/2	43	7	43
9%	Montreal M & A 7 1/2	37	93	93

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51%	Orion Dev 64 55	83%	83%	83%
51%	Orion Dev 64 55	82%	82%	82%
101%	Orion G&S Dev 63	82%	82%	82%
101%	Parana 50 63 A 818 286	83%	83%	83%
98%				
111	POST-UP 呂宋 50 63	142%	142%	142%
111	Parana 50 63	14%	14%	14%
111	Peru 74 50	14%	14%	14%

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	Address	City
7%	Rhine West 64	38 28 28
24%	Rhine West 64	38 28 28
34%	Rio de Jan 64 88	15 M 15 M 15 M
30%	Roma 64 58	78 78 78
34%	St. Louis 64 64	112 112 112
34%	St. Louis 64 64	38 38 38

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
 BOSTON ADVERTISER
 Sunday, May 12, 1935

The First All-American Ball Game

CITY OF MEXICO, May 2.

FINDINGS of the archeological excavations in the ruins of Monte Alban prove conclusively the universality of the first all-American ball game, all-American because it was played by the Mayas, Aztecs, Incas, Zapotecs, Mixtecs, Olmecs, Tawantimisi, and in fact by all of the civilized tribes of North America, many centuries before the sport was taken up by the Yankees, Cardinals, White Sox and other "tribes" of today.

This truly American sport, in the early incarnation among the ancient Mexican cultures, had an even greater

percent of fans than the ball game of today. There were famous players with an almost legendary popular renown. Among them was the ancient Babe Ruth—Nezahualpilli, who was not merely King of Swat, but a reigning King himself, monarch of Texcoco. Another famous player, whose name is familiar to all schoolboys as the great Aztec ruler and warrior, was King Montezuma II, the Lou Gehrig of his time.

Nowadays, the President of the United States tosses the first ball of the world series. But in the ball game section of pre-Columbian days, the Kings not only patronized the game and were star players, but they even used ball games to settle arguments between kingdoms. They would wager an Empire on the outcome of the ball game, and the favorite method of settling a personal dispute was not a lawsuit but a game of ball. The modern American business man who does not tell the truth to his wife (just as his office-boy lied to him) to get to the Saturday afternoon ball game is only a mild addict compared to the warlike members of the Aztec Empire.

The crown of Mexico exacted as tribute from the peoples of Teotihuacan, Otatitlan, and other cities, an annual tribute of sixteen thousand balls! And perhaps some of these sixteen thousand balls were later honored by being marked with the pictograph of a great player, after a memorable game. Successful players not only received official subsidies (as big as the salaries of modern professionals), but were given positions of honor at the royal courts.

Since early American civilization had no horses, the ball game had to take the place—for betting purposes—of the modern horserace, thus giving the spectators another outlet for their energetic enthusiasm. Everybody laid bets, and—among the ancient American boys as among the modern ones—everybody played. The interesting thing is that the players themselves laid bets, poor people wagering ears of corn, while the great lords staked jewelry, precious fashions, clothing, armor, women slaves, and fortunes in gold and silver. So great was

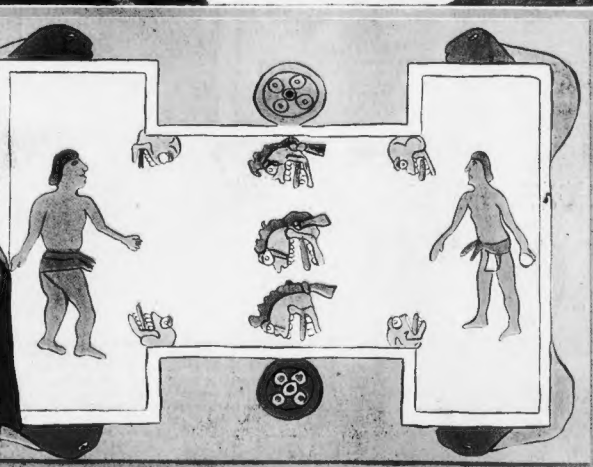


This Unusual Reconstruction Shows the Manner of Play in the Ancient American Ball Game. It Is Not a Tense Moment in the Third Inning, but Just Before the Game, While the Players Are Only Warming Up. When the Play Begins in Earnest, the Spectators Will Stand on Top of the Wall. Since a Chance Blow From the Ball Has Enough Force to Kill a Man. The Composition, by the Bolivian Painter and Author, on Pre-Columbian Art, Roberto Guardia-Berdecia, Is Based Upon Descriptions of the Games in the Chronicles of Diego Duran and Chavero, the Account of Chavero, and the Recent Discoveries of Alfonso Caso, by Courtesy of the Museum of Archeology in Mexico City.

the popular enthusiasm for the game, that it was not uncommon for players to stake their personal liberty upon the outcome of a day's play.

Although in popularity the ancient game was identical with the national American sport of today, there were marked differences in the manner of playing. To begin with, the "diamond" was shaped like an H. It was—like the field of action of baseball teams today—enclosed by walls. But in Aztec times, the spectators stood on top of the fence instead of looking through the peep-holes in them. The team usually had the same number of players as the modern baseball team. In the game of ball, one player at a time from each team did the actual "batting" in the center crosspiece of the H, while the others served as outfield, to keep the ball from entering the wide, transverse ends.

Nezahualpilli, the Texcoco Babe Ruth. (After an Ancient Manuscript in the Aubin Collection.)



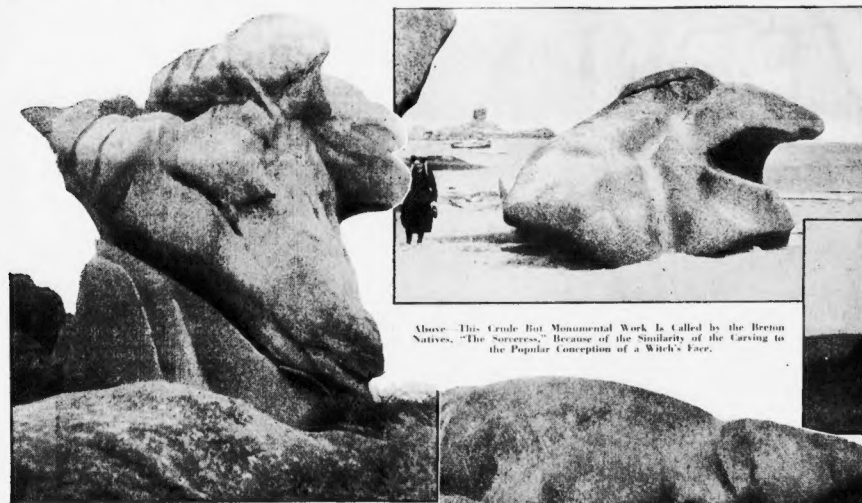
The Artist's Reconstruction of the Ancient American Ball Game, Based Upon the Manuscript Caxel Nottall, Shows the H-Shaped Plan of the "Diamond." One of the Players Is Holding the Rubber Ball in His Hand, and Both Are Wearing the Scanty costume Used for Playing. The Two Rings Through Which Balls Had to Pass to Score a "Home" Are Shown Above and Below the Central Part of the "Diamond." Sacred Serpents Encircle the Design, and Stylized Masks Add to the Grotesque Effect.

The "batting" was done without a bat, although in the modern game of pelota or jai alai, a type of bat fitted to the hand is used. Early all-American players could hit the ball only with their elbows, knees or hips. But they hit it with as much force as a modern bat—hurting it towards the opposite wall. The opposing player had to return the ball with equal force, for if it went over his head (and that of his team) to strike the wall, the team that had batted it scored a point. Balls were often kept going back and forth without a stop

for as long as an hour, while the spectators held their breath in tense expectation—for as soon as the ball was not returned, the inning was over. This was the ordinary play, but the "home run" or star play consisted in a greater feat.

On each of the two walls that formed the central playing-space was fixed a huge stone ring, and the player who batted the ball through this scored a "home," won the game, and—what is genuinely amusing—took the clothes of all the spectators.

Brittany's Huge Primitive Sculptures—Accidents or Ancient Art?



For Want of a Better Title, This Weird Piece of Primitive Art Is Called "The Death's Head."

Above: This Crude But Monumental Work Is Called by the Breton Natives, "The Sorcerer," Because of the Similarity of the Carving to the Popular Conception of a Witch's Face.

The "Ram's Head," One of the Most Striking of the Sculptures, Which Is to Be Seen on the Coast of Brittany.

ALMOST every section of France has its weathered stones, like those crude temples of the Druids in Stonehenge, England, supposedly put in place long before the dawn of recorded history. Scientists call these stones dolmens and menhirs and when they are arranged in rough circles or rectangles these supposed shrines of pagan worship are known as cromlechs. But it is on the coast of Brittany, in France, that the archaeologists have found the stones that present the most interesting puzzle. Some of these stones are shown in the photographs on this page.

After years of research the ablest students of the monuments that Man has left behind him during his climb to civilization do not know whether these interesting relics in Brittany are accidents of erosion or the work of primitive sculptors of the Bronze Age, or possibly the late Stone Age, who went to work on big boulders with their crude tools and reproduced the likeness of creatures, real and imagined. Several authorities hold the opinion that Mother Nature is the artist who, working with the wind and weather on

A Rough Representation of a Beast, Probably a Huge Turtle, Found Among the Mysterious Rock Figures.

rocks that were oddly shaped to begin with, turned out huge sculptures that look like sheep, turtles, human skulls and various other recognizable forms. Others, equally erudite, think that it is quite unlikely that so many natural freaks of sculpture would be found in so small an area, and that the rocks

were hammered and chiseled into the forms that they now present to the thousands of curious visitors who visit Brittany every year. It is the opinion of these scholars that every one of the rocks means something and that together with the more than 6,000 other dolmens and menhirs in France, they form a mystifying manifestation of artistic effort 2,000 years and more before the beginning of the Christian Era.

Most travelers who visit the Breton coast and gaze at the odd shaped rocks seem to agree with scientists who think they are the work of sculptors whose work inspired other artists in what is now England, Scotland and Ireland. Nothing quite like the Brittany "statues" is found in the British Isles, but there are plenty of menhirs and dolmens and some of these are ornamented with crude pictures and designs thought to be likenesses of human faces, plows, boats, and representations of the sun.

SOBILMAN SYNDICATE PHOTOS

Perhaps the most remarkable of the Brittany rocks is one shown at the extreme left of the page. It is called the Ram's Head and that's exactly what it looks like. Even the formation of the pointed snout and the location of the eyes lend weight to the surmise that the rock was hewn into that shape and that by some long-dead artist who fashioned three-dimensional figures and knew exactly what he was about. The rock in the picture at the right of the page—the one that looks like a gigantic human skull—is almost as impressive, and the one called the Sorcerer certainly suggests a witch with a hawk-like nose and her mouth wide open. This builder seems to have a raised eye in just the right place and if time and the weather put it there, it was a queer accident. The one remaining picture shows a big rock that looks so much like a sea turtle that even the doubting scientists admit that it probably was the work of some primitive hand.

Making Wash Day a Holiday

EVERY once in a while someone breaks away from the traditional and conventional way of doing things and introduces an innovation that starts a vogue. More often than not the imaginative pioneer acts into the spotlight by thinking of something so simple that dozens of people wonder why the idea never occurred to them.

The photograph below caused a great deal of amusement when it was published in British magazines and newspapers and the writers who wrote the captions for the picture managed to be pretty funny about the feminine resident of Manston Thunet, Kent, who attached a couple of short poles to the family car, strung a line between the poles and drove out of her front yard with the family wash flying aloft. But as more than one resident of Manston Thunet soberly admits, the idea is not so "daffy" as it might seem.

This imaginative matron wanted this particular wash to dry quickly—she and her family wanted the clothes dry and ironed an hour or so after they came out of the tub. It so happened that the woman also wanted to call a friend that day, which was neither windy nor sunny.

Why, she reasoned, not blow the clothes dry by taking them for a ride, and, at the same time, get her visiting done?

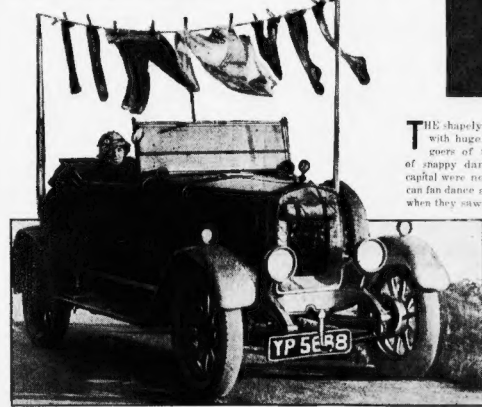
With the help of a man who works about her place, she attached the poles, one of them to the front of the ma-

chine and the other to the rear. She was careful to get the poles short enough so that the washing would not be swept away when she drove under a low bridge that was between her home and her destination. Then the line was stretched between the uprights and the clothes were pinned on so that they would not blow away even if she sent the car rolling over the road at a fast clip.

The drive took about half an hour, but when the woman arrived at the home of her friend she discovered that the clothes were as dry as though they had been blowing on the family line for several hours in the bright sunlight. Fortunately the air in Manston Thunet is clear and not filled with soot as the air is in the industrial cities of Manchester and Leeds and the wash was spotless.

For heaven's sake, what are you doing?" demanded the friend of the ingenious matron who had her wash day and her holiday, too, and she was traveling advertisement for a laundry, or is this some fantastic scheme to get your picture published in newspapers and magazines?"

"Not at all," the woman replied, "I'm trying out a little idea of mine. I don't blame you for laughing or for being a little shocked, but I'm not out of my head, and I dare say, a lot of other people will be doing the same thing when I tell them how splendidly it works."



A Woman Resident of Manston Thunet, Kent, England, Overcoming the Problem of Drying the Family Wash by Taking It On for a Motor Ride.



LONDON.

THE shapely young woman in the photograph, and a dozen others equipped with huge fans, won the enthusiastic plaudits of thousands of theatergoers of the British capital who like a musical comedy with plenty of snappy dancing now and again. But the residents of the British capital were not nearly so appreciative of the English version of the American fan dance as the ostrich farmers in far-away Australia who smiled broadly when they saw photographs of the girls who, as one London dramatic critic put it, "look as though they were about to take off and soar over the heads of the audience."

Their smiles were not induced by their appreciation of the "form divine" plus a set of wings but because the women for feathers in stage costumes are carrying to the women ostrich feather milled again and making business better for the Australian ostrich farmers than it has been for many years.

During the Gay Nineties and for several years thereafter the ostrich plume was popular as a decoration for hats and gowns. Then the couturiers ruled the plumes out as too flamboyant and old-fashioned and the ostrich farmers suffered a slump that put many of them out of business. Because the big birds have prodigious appetites and are expensive to keep—many breeders killed off all but a few of their best specimens.

But they held on to enough birds so that, if the market for plumes picked up, they could build their flocks again. Even now the raisers of ostriches do not expect that the call for feathers will be anything like it was in the good old days when milady just wasn't in style unless she had at least one chequered blushing with the huge and fluffy pin feathers with which Nature ornamented the most ungainly and bossy of birds.

Follows His Calf to School

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Ervin Zimmerman, Jr., of Beatrice, Nebraska, is one of those bright boys who can figure things out for himself.

When his father gave him a young Holstein calf Ervin did not begin to figure how much the "critter" would bring as beef when it got heavy enough to slaughter. A lot of rural youngsters with an eye to business would have taken that attitude, but this boy, with a long way to travel to get to the village school and back, had what seemed to him a better idea.

He had heard of calves that had been broken to harness and to the saddle and he decided when the animal was just a youngster that he could carry around in his arms that his pet was going to learn to pull a wagon in the summer and a sled in the winter time. How well Ervin carried out his idea can be seen in the photograph below. The picture was snapped one morning just as the boy was driving out of his yard, bound for school.

As soon as the calf was 11 months old, the Nebraska boy began his routine of training. Day after day he would put a folded blanket on the sticky animal, climb onto its back and ride about the farmyard. At first the calf objected to this procedure and insisted on a self-respecting offspring of a cow should be expected to be a mount. But the boy was not discouraged when the calf alternately bolted and balked, and he finally broke the bossy.

Having done that, he fixed up the two-wheeled rig shown in the photograph, begged an old set of work harness from his father, and tried hitching the animal in the shafts. Because it had already become used to doing what the boy indicated he wished done, the calf accepted this maneuver with fair grace, but had quite a time of it learning to giddyup, back up and whin.

Ervin figured it out that a calf hasn't as much brain as a horse and no one could expect it to pick up the usual driving directions right away.

But the boy had a way with animals and it wasn't long before the bossy was doing as well as could be expected as a draft animal. It would go ahead, reverse, stop, and, best of all, stand without hitching, and with enough urging it would break into a gallop for a short distance.

Ervin's schoolmates, most of whom had to walk back and forth to school, begged an occasional ride, but this had to be at recess time or before or after school, for the cart, mostly made out of an old moving machine, had just room enough for one narrow spring seat, and that seat was completely filled by the owner of the strange teamster.

Out Beatrice, Nebraska, way, folks make a little joke about Ervin Zimmerman, Jr., and his calf. They say that Mary had a little lamb that followed her to school, but that Ervin had a little calf that he followed to school, sitting comfortably on the seat of a wagon that the calf has to pull.

Dozens of American boys have discovered that pet goats can be taught to haul wagons as well as to eat such seemingly inedible odds and ends as waste paper and tin cans. In certain sections of Europe goats have been used as draught animals for many centuries and seem to do the job quite as well as horses, even if they have to pull lighter burdens. But calves are not goats and it is seldom that anyone has the patience to accustom them to harness.



Ervin Zimmerman, Jr., the Schoolboy Who Has Broken a Calf to Harness, and Thus Equipped Himself With Facilities for Driving to School.

**"Mr. Nevin, Insurance Broker," Who
Masqueraded as a Substantial
Business Man, and a Jail-Bird
Companion Held for Seven Daring
Bank Hold-Ups in Montreal**



Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada
Which Nevin Held Up. This Was the
Unfortunate Enterprise Which led to
the Discovery of His Identity.



Calling His Automobile With Liveried Chauffeur, Mr. Nevin, Broker, Stepped Into His Car, Settled Back Comfortably on the Cushions, and Then Drew Down the Curtains as He Whispered Through the Speaking Tube the Name and Street Address of a Bank.

Washington detect
apartment of Wa
in Baltimore. TI
Nevin and his wife
ing their belonging
to flee the city.
lodged in the Balt
the woman was late

They were packed in grips, planning the couple were more city jail, but released.

Shipping out from his St. James Street offices in the middle of the day, it was his habit, police claim, to conduct, with Desrochers, well-planned raids on small banks on the outskirts of the city. Disguising himself, en route, he would stage a hold-up, dash out, be picked up by Desrochers and hurry back to his office, changing into his smart business clothes as he drove. Seven bank hold-ups are charged against Nevin, his net takings said to total about \$50,000. He also faces one charge of attempted murder for having shot a bank clerk during the hold-up Desrochers staged.

and a complete description of them wanted men. From time to time word would come from some remote village or hamlet that "Nevin had been seen"; the reports would be investigated and proved groundless. In Montreal, police admitted Nevin was clever; he was adept at disguising himself; he could be eminently respectable in appearance. They suspected that he would not keep himself long in hiding but that he would appear and continue his double life in some other city.

As the months went on they almost gave up hope of ever finding him. Then

In April this year, one Saturday night two flashes came to police headquarters. In Washington, D. C., a man named Jean LeBlanc, a name under which Desrochers was known in Montreal, had been arrested. In Baltimore at the same time Walker G. Nevins was taken by the police.

slip from his shoe. Muttering impatiently he stopped and stooped to put it on again and as he did so his revolver dropped to the pavement. Hastily he recovered this important tool of his trade, jammed it in his pocket and

on Nevin's ankles. Different from the American type they could not be opened by any American key that Nevin might have on him.

Five times Nevin is said to have escaped from United States prisons, and the Canadian jail authorities were

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Curious Substitutes for the Little Red Schoolhouse



Lacking Funds for a School, Cochran, Oregon, Made Use of This Railroad Coach. Miss Irene Phillips, the Teacher, Is Seen Calling the Pupils to Class.



In the Backwaters of an English This Old Boat Serves as a School. In Inclement Weather, the Pupils Are Taken Below Decks for Their Studies. To Change Atmosphere Occasionally, the Boat Is Moved About.

Purbeck Hills, England, Children Have a Schoolhouse, but the Pupils Are So Widely Scattered That This Old Railway Locomotive Is Used to Transport Them to and From Classes. They Do Some of Their Lessons in Transit.



Like the Oregon Town, Berkeley, Michigan, Ran Short of Funds for School Buildings, and the Problem Was Solved by the Use of This "Anchored" Trolley Car. The Student Body Is Seen Just Before Classes Opened.

their lessons in a railway car instead of their schoolhouse that concentration was not all it might have been, but the pupils soon became accustomed to their new surroundings and settled down to serious business.

Berkeley, Michigan, had much the same problem as Cochran, Oregon, and solved it in much the same way. In this town there just wasn't enough room in the school for the number of pupils that were of school age, and funds were too meager to provide the money for an annex.

ONE of the most unfortunate and serious effects of the depression has been saddled on youngsters in no way to blame for the ill of a sick world. In this country several thousand schools have been closed and many thousands of others have operated on a clipped schedule because there just wasn't enough money available. The boys and girls of other countries have been ousted from their classrooms, too, because the money formerly spent on education is being diverted to dole, programs of public works and, sadly enough, armament.

Despite the lack of money for education, however, many communities are finding ways to keep school open and impart reading, writing and arithmetic to youthful minds. The pictures on this page show three curious and makeshift substitutes for the little red schoolhouse,

and one photograph of a worktrain on which English boys and girls ride to school now that the shortage of funds has put their school bus in a garage.

The photograph at the extreme left of the page shows how the school teachers of Cochran, Oregon, beat the depression when fire destroyed the schoolhouse. There wasn't enough money in the town treasury to rebuild the structure so the railway line offered to turn over an old passenger coach to the authorities as a small but comfortable place to carry on.

The seats were taken out of the car and desks were installed. Blackboards were hung over some of the windows and the teacher's desk was placed at one end of the car. A round stove was set up in the other end of the car to keep the "building" warm in cold weather. For a time the boys and girls were so excited at doing

Making the Coiffure Match the Dress

A YEAR or so ago, the so-called "smart" hairdressers of Paris introduced an idea that they hoped would become a vogue, but which didn't get very far with the rank and file of femininity on the Continent, or elsewhere. This idea was the wearing of wigs tinted all the colors of the rainbow and a dozen other hues. These wigs were fashioned of hair or silk and could be had in brilliant red, jade green, screaming purple, or any desired shade. It was the hope of the hairdressers, not to mention the wig-makers, that the moneyed and the leisured set would wear such paraphernalia to match their dresses.

A few daring souls, with a flair for the spotlight, did affect the innovation, but they only succeeded in making themselves conspicuous and did not require the distinction of being the pioneers in a new fad.

American hairdressers never have gone in for the bizarre shenanigans of their Parisian colleagues, but they have their odd ideas for all that and, now and again, come out with an idea that tempts maids and matrons who like to keep up with things and be in the vanguard of any new vogue. The photograph of the pretty young woman at the right, shows one notion that may find disciples here and overseas. The girl, whose name is Miss Dolores Calles, is putting dots of specially tinted white henna on her brunette

locks, and she's doing it, the hairdressers say, because she has on a polka-dot blouse and is repeating the spotty motif above the ears.

This, of course, is only one of many ways in which the hair could be made to match whatever dress milady is wearing. If, for example, she were all dressed up in a sports dress, bright with up-and-down stripes, then stripes of henna could be applied to the hair, and if she were toggled out in a plaid dress, well, that would be something else again.

Conservative women look upon such tricks as silly, and one matron who saw Miss Calles with her dark hair covered with blobs of henna, remarked that she looked like someone who had been browsing in a cotton field or who had been caught in a bad snowstorm.

That reaction, however, was frankly biased and did not reflect the general attitude toward an idea that might have possibilities for "gilding the lily." If such embellishments were expertly applied it might be that they would be striking without making the wearer merely "a sight for the eyes."

During the short-lived fad for colored wigs in Paris, someone conceived the notion of putting a sort of lacquer on the hair, and of making wigs of lacquered material. Some of these gadgets were fairly temperate for Paris and were popular, figures of shiny black or brilliantly blond hair. But,

for the more adventurous addicts of the idea, there were a dozen versions of this "fad" to boot.

One, which caused considerable comment, was called the "cock's comb." This provided an upstanding semi-circle of stiff curls that began at the center of the forehead and ran fore-and-aft to the nape of the neck.

"My word," exclaimed the friend, "what a happened to you?"

"Well," replied the ruffled one, "it was like this. The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

"Who won?" inquired the friend.

"The horse," said the victim of the accident—and the joke, "He tossed me for it."

The jockey shown in the photographs below, remembering the old joke, made the same explanation when his cronie chided him for not finishing a steeplechase race recently staged on



Miss Dolores Calles Applying White Henna to Her Black Tresses to Produce the Polka-Dot Effect, and Thus Match Her Hair With Her Dress.

"And So," Said the Jockey, "He Tossed Me For It"

THOUSANDS of Englishmen have heard the joke about the fellow who came upon a friend dressed in riding clothes and looking much the worse for wear.

"My word," exclaimed the friend, "what a happened to you?"

"Well," replied the ruffled one, "it was like this. The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

"Who won?" inquired the friend.

"The horse," said the victim of the accident—and the joke, "He tossed me for it."

The jockey shown in the photographs below, remembering the old joke, made the same explanation when his cronie chided him for not finishing a steeplechase race recently staged on

the course at Sandown, England. And the pictures show, with remarkable clearness, that he spoke the gospel truth.

In the action picture at the left of the page the horse has stumbled in landing after taking a jump, and the rider has been catapulted out of the saddle and is in midair about even with his mount's nose. At this point the jockey hasn't lost any altitude.

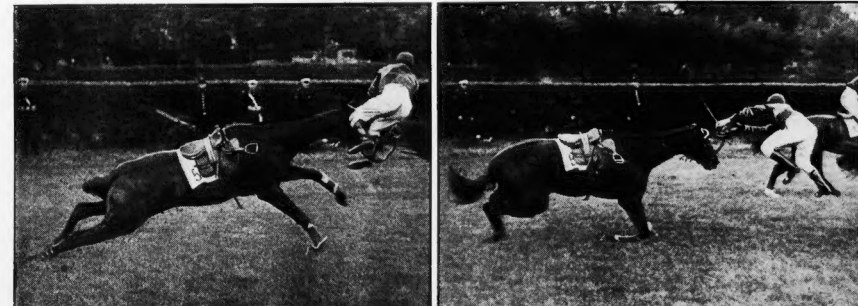
The next picture, taken a fraction of a second later, is a study in presence of mind. The horse has gone down on its forward knees to check its fall and the rider, still holding to the reins, is getting his legs beneath him, and keeping his knees bent, to absorb the rude shock of hitting the turf. A novice might well suffer serious injury

in a spill like this, but trained jockeys are used to being unhorsed and make something of an art of falling with a minimum of danger to themselves.

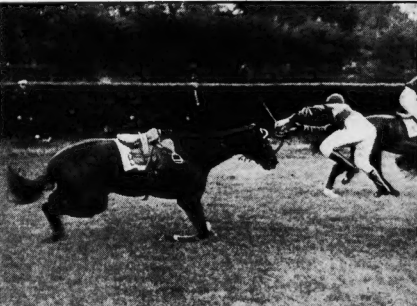
In the photograph at the right the danger—and the race—is over so far as this rider is concerned. The horse is up on his feet again and is pulling back so he will not step on his rider. The jockey made a happy landing, all things considered, and did not even suffer a black-and-blue spot as a memento of his misfortune. He landed on his feet, slipped on the turf and stretched out at full length six feet ahead of his mount. This was quick thinking, too, because it probably saved him from being trampled by following horses. If he had fallen to the side other riders might not have been able to avoid him, but in his position,

in line with the horse, he was in safe territory.

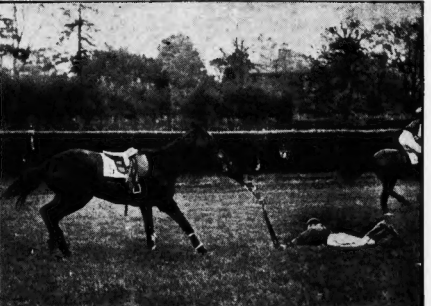
It often seems to people who do not know their horses and riders—and who see all their steeplechase races in the movies—that hundreds of riders and horses must be killed every year in this sport. Occasionally a jockey is seriously hurt, or killed, but such tragedies are few and far between. It is part of a jockey's training to think fast and act fast when he finds that he is going to be unhorsed at a hedge or a ditch. Like an acrobat who can turn flip-flops in the air and land gracefully on his feet, an expert jockey usually can manage to size up the situation in a split second and, if he "comes a cropper," escapes with nothing more serious than a shaking-up.



"Going," as the Auctioneer Would Say. The Jockey Suddenly Finds Himself Out of the Saddle and Aboard of the Horse's Flank.



"Still Going" Is the Title for This Phase of the Spill, Which Occurred During a British Steeplechase.



"Gone!" "He tossed me for it," He Said Later. The Photographs Were Taken With a High Speed Camera.

Surprise Ending of Her \$100,000 Alienation Suit

Mrs. Bedford-Jones, Divorced Wife of the Novelist, Provides the Author With Some New Thrilling Episodes for Additional Chapters in Their Real-Life, Cat-and-Dog, Domestic Serial Story

The Bedford-Jones Children, Helen, Henry, Jr., and Jane When They Testified Against Their Mother Several Years Ago.

MR. HENRY BEDFORD-JONES, well-known novelist who writes a million words a year, had a wife who, when he was living with her, provided him with no end of thrilling episodes easily turned into story plots. He complained that he was always the villain of these scenarios even though they came into being in his own home at Evansville, Ind., and at last he became so burdened with these suggestions that he and Mrs. Bedford-Jones were divorced.

But none of them measured up to the latest plot which his first wife recently unfolded in Chicago. The novelist thinks it was a mystery plot and it was an expensive one because the jury decided it would cost the second Mrs. Bedford-Jones \$100,000. The first wife was suing the second for alienating Mr. Bedford-Jones' affections.

What makes him think it is a mystery is because he can't see how, after all the things she said about him before and during the divorce, she could possibly put such a price as \$100,000 upon him. As a matter of fact, she asked for \$200,000. The three Bedford-Jones children had testified that there wasn't any affection in the house, and that their mother had told them their father was going to kill them. Daughter Helen had even produced a letter in court in which mama called papa a "snaking, cowardly liar and animal." If the first Mrs. Bedford-Jones really thought he was that kind of man, how could his affections be worth \$100,000?

Furthermore, the Illinois State laws fix things so that if Helen, wife number one, does not get her cash promptly she can put Mary, wife number two, in jail, just like a mere male "alienator convict," provided she catches Mary in Illinois.

Furthermore, Mr. Bedford-Jones can't go to Evansville, Ind., where he used to live, because there are two court orders against him there. One is a contempt citation for failure to pay \$75,000 alimony, and the other a charge of kidnapping the three Bedford-Jones children. Altogether, Mr. Bedford-Jones is all messed up in a plot like one of his own novels.

The winner of this record verdict says that what she got is not sufficient compensation for the anguish and humiliation she has suffered. Suffer she certainly did. In a divorce suit she relieves her feelings by telling the court everything unpleasant she can think of to show how worthless her husband is. The bigger she paints him the bigger the alimony.

But when she turns around and sees her successful rival for alienation of that husband's affections she finds herself in a most painful situation. It is like the dead of winter when good news must be spoken. If she now paints him black, the jury will think him a good riddance and the affections of such an undesirable person worth \$20 cents. To call the big money he must be pictured as a sort of stolen angel.

So poor Mrs. Bedford-Jones the first had to bite her tongue and not "sass back" when her former husband told how "awful" he had been and even her own children revealed why they ran away from her, describing their mother as always scolding and raving and related how thankful they were when a broken leg kept her away from them. When her pretty, 20-year-old daughter, Helen, Jr., whose pet name is "Wally," took the stand in her



Helen Bedford-Jones, the Daughter, Who Told the Jury How Difficult It Was to Live With Her Mama.



The First Mrs. Bedford-Jones Who Won the Verdict.

successor's defense, Attorney Earle Revin, representing the second Mrs. Bedford-Jones, said:

"Tell us about your life in Evansville, Indiana."

Helen, Jr., looking like a more recent model of her mother, replied:

"Our home life was a constant strife between my socially ambitious mother and my father, who longed for simplicity."

"At one time mother was away from home for a whole year on account of a broken leg. We were all sorry about her leg but it was grand to have her away."

"Father once referred to our mother as 'la vache enragée,' which in French means '—and she turned to the jury—'the angry cow.' She was always scolding or raving."

"We children were made to do things we hated and despised because mother wanted us to be different from other children. We had to dress in French uniforms and try to act superior—like somebody in a book. She wanted other Evansville mothers to say of us: 'My, aren't those Bedford-Jones children simply wonderful!'" As a matter of fact, they thought we were terrible, I guess."

"Mother made me practice the harp for hours every day, and I hated it so I cried myself to sleep at night, like a boiler about to explode, but her lawyer, Royal Irwin, quickly and adroitly relieved the pressure when he began his cross-questioning."

"Now, young lady," he said, "I want you to tell the jury if you've earned any money at all for your own support."

"Yes," Helen, Jr., answered promptly. "I do radio work."

"And what do you do over the ra-

dio?" pursued her questioner.

"I—I play the harp," the witness answered lamely.

"H—m—m!" And Attorney Irwin looked meaningfully at the jury.

As she left the stand for a recess, the girl was met by her mother. The mother cried out: "Helen, you're killing yourself!"

The girl seemed to lose her bitterness for a moment. She kissed her mother and then hurried away to her father, who threw his arm over his daughter's shoulder. The jury, all men, looked puzzled.

If her mother was so impossible why did the girl kiss her? Anyhow, the one certain thing from her testimony was that like her mother she set a high value on her father's affections.

At the next session Helen, Jr., testified that she and her father had planned to leave home on Thanksgiving, a month before he did leave on Christmas in 1928, but her mother threatened to "severn and bring down the whole town after us."

Though such threats might be strong evidence for thinking the wife's affections were not specially valuable to Mr. Bedford-Jones, nobody was asking the jury to think that they were, and this alarming behavior at least indicated that the wife had not wanted her husband to depart.

Taken to Paris when she was eight, the daughter, Helen Jr., testified:

"We were turned over to the serv-



Mr. Henry Bedford-Jones, the Novelist.

ants. We had to learn to be cultured, our mother said. We were puppets at a show for social ambition. I never want to go back to my mother. I'm very happy with my new mother."

Referring to the daughter in the course of his argument, Attorney Irwin pointed in sarcastic tones to the jury:

"Gentlemen, there is a grateful daughter. And she earns her living playing the harp. Now, isn't she a dear, sweet girl?"

The remaining two children were not in court, but Mary's attorney informed the jury such of them had expressed a willingness, if necessary, to testify for their new mama and against their own.

That this probably was so is seen in the testimony little Henry gave in 1929 when the matter of the children's custody was being decided in the Evansville court.

He told how his mother had called in a colored chauffeur to spank them more efficiently than she could; although Mrs. Bedford-Jones denied this, saying it wasn't a colored man at all but two passing mechanics. It was not brought out whether the two mechanics were members in good standing of the father's spanking union or were mere bachelors.

Besides calling in spanking mechanics, Henry told of other disciplinary novelties. He said that one evening his mother refused to let him into the house at all. After vainly knocking on the door, crying and begging to be admitted, he also got an inspiration in the way of disciplining a rebellious parent. He had read that when castles refused to open their gates the besiegers used to bombard them with big rocks from catapults. Looking around, Henry, found a nice pile

of bricks and crashed the first one through a parlor window. He started back to get more ammunition, but it was not necessary. The lady of the castle surrendered at the first shot, opening the door and letting the small besieger in.

Then there were alleged "mystery spankings" in which the children said they received the chastisement, without being informed how they had to figure the mystery out for themselves, which no doubt sharpened their imagination. Their father, in his magazine stories and novels had things happen to characters mysteriously but the children believed that when misdeeds were paid for with a spanking, an itemized bill should go with it.

On Christmas Day, 1928, Mr. Bedford-Jones became so fed up with repetitions of what he called "phonographic scoldings" that he made him a present of a trip to California and refused to return. This entitled Mrs. Bedford-Jones to some presents, too, including divorce, alimony and custody of the children, she thought.

As author of innumerable magazine stories and popular novels he was a big money-maker and thought \$300 a month alimony plus \$200 more for support of the children not too high a price for liberty, and supposed that as long as he said that indemnity the war would be over.

But like an endless serial story, there were new chapters all the time. The first time the children were due to visit their father he was surprised to see them recoil from him in apparent terror.

Little Helen showed her father a letter from her mother which began, "Run this at once," and went on in part as follows:

"I have made all arrangements for our future, which will be for the highest interest and good of you children, away from all contact with that sneaking, cowardly liar and animal. Words cannot express the diabolism in which he is held in this town."

The word liar was unkind, but since children like animals they thought calling "Papa" one was rather cute. The novelist, however, was not flattered, but let it pass. On their return the children thought they would relieve their mother's fears by telling her how sweet, pretty and charming her successor turned out to be. Instead, they say, she cross-questioned them so endlessly they almost went mad.

Two finally ran away, and the father rescued another from the Guardian Angel, where the mother had been hiding her, he said, to stop her hysterics.

The first Mrs. Bedford-Jones then opened up new chapters by asking indemnities for "kidnaping" the children and by starting a suit against her successor for \$200,000 alienation-of-affections damages. Mr. Bedford-Jones retaliated by forgetting to send any more of the \$300 checks, which brought him into contempt of the Indiana courts. No matter how home-

sick the author may become for his native State, he is not likely to return just now because ex-convict can throw him into jail.

Since the alienation suit was tried in Chicago the novelist could safely attend the show. When the first wife took the stand to tell how Mary had "tured" her husband away, one of the "turing" staged in a sandwich shop, was described as follows:

"I heard something snap," the 54-year-old "grass" widow testified, "and I looked up to see Mrs. Bernardin bending over Henry. What I heard snap was her fingers."

"Don't you know what divorce is for?" she told him. "When your wife forces you, you should get rid of her like THAT!" And she snapped 'em again."

After that, the witness said, Mrs. Bernardin frequently telephoned for the Bedford-Jones young son to come and play with Mrs. Bernardin's son, asking that the author drive him over, which the author always did. When it got late, Mrs. Bedford-Jones would telephone Mary, and she would say:

"I'll send your husband home to you when he's ready."

Mrs. Bedford-Jones, a graduate of Vassar and the University of Chicago, talked alternately in a Southern and an English accent. To show what a good husband she was asking \$200,000 for, but which the jury knocked down to half the amount, she testified he sometimes had his name on the cover of ten magazines in one month, and he never stayed out nights or drank. She claimed a good deal of credit for his success, pointing out that he used to sell his stories for fifteen and twenty cents a word and now only gets ten.

"I made him stick at his typewriter," she declared in determined tone. "I wouldn't let him have his dinner until he turned out a certain amount of copy. That I edited what he had written. Now," she added, looking straight at her rival—"he doesn't turn out half of what he used to. I've been watching the magazines!"

There was much dispute as to how well she promoted her husband's work on an automobile trip from Kansas City to El Paso. Both the defendant and the writer said that she had been no luring nor any improper behavior, but that the husband's affections had been led entirely on account of the first wife's ceaseless nagging.

But the jury disregarded young Helen's testimony on the ground that she was too young to know such things about her own mother even if true, and they had their suspicions about that motor trip. Therefore they thought the second wife owed the first one for the husband's affections. Since by general consent he was such a nice man, these ought to be worth \$100,000.

And then, a week later, a new chapter and a new surprise was written in to the Bedford-Jones domestic serial story. Judge Holly who presided at the trial set aside the jury's \$100,000 award as against the weight of evidence. Judge Holly granted a motion for a new trial—so there are prospects of new chapter trial to come.

The Monkey Circus at the St. Louis Zoo

A Young Gorilla Is Now Added to the Amusing Performances of the Famous Chimpanzee

Actors Sammy and Billy at the St. Louis Monkey Pavilion



Sammy, Yonnah and Billy Stand on Their Heads and View the Audience. Miss Yonnah, in the Center, Is the Young Gorilla Actress and She Has on her Clown Suit.

—Photos Taken at the St. Louis Zoo by E. C. Moore, Photographer, St. Louis.

Sammy Walks Up and Down the Steps and Around the Stage on his Hands, Balancing on Three Fingers.



"Come on, get in, we'll take you for a ride"—the Two Mischievous Chimpanzees Tell Yonnah. "Hey, there! I believe you dumped me on purpose," the Clown Girl Declares, as the Two Chimps Solemnly Shake Their Heads.



Yonnah's bungling attempts to catch the ball, picked it up and soaked the gorilla over the head with it.

Amid the thunder of applause, Trainer Ferguson led his performers off the stage, a smile replacing his look of chagrin. For Trainer Ferguson realized that he had a new star in his troupe of acting apes. Yonnah had won her spurs as an animal comedienne. Yonnah's clumsiness, and her big face with its flat nose and good-natured expression had caught the fancy of the crowd. She had leaped into sudden popularity through her unusual appearance, just as other famous comedians have coasted to popularity through some unusual feature such as a big, funny-looking nose, crossed eyes, or unusual fatness or thinness.

Director Vierheller and Trainer Ferguson at once made the most of the situation. Yonnah was transformed into a full-fledged "stooge," which in the parlance of the stage means the actor who is on the receiving end of a custard pie or a slapstick. She was fitted out with a clown suit and a dunce cap. Several new stunts were added to the show. In one of these Yonnah performed as a blues singer while Sammy pounded a piano with one hand and rubbed his chin reflectively with the other as if he were trying to decide whether the sounds Yonnah was emitting were signs of pain or joy. Billy, seated in Helen Morgan style on the piano, gave Yonnah what might be termed the ape raspberry.

Although Yonnah now is the stooge for the two agile chimps, the day is to come when they will treat the troupe mate with respect. Director Vierheller points out in a souvenir booklet he is preparing for distribution at the zoo, that gorillas are the largest of the four anthropoid apes, which include the Chimpanzee, Gibbon, Orangutan, as well as the Gorilla. A full-grown gorilla sometimes reaches a weight of 400 pounds. The chimpanzee, on the other hand, rarely goes above 200 pounds. Thus, the two which weigh 21 and 41 pounds, respectively, would be wise to take their liberties while they can with the good-natured, 62-pound gorilla, before she reaches her full growth, which she is expected to do at the age of 12 or in about six years.

Mr. Vierheller believes that Sammy Green is the smartest animal he has ever seen. Sammy has acquired just 50 minutes to learn how to propel a three-wheeled vehicle he uses in one of his acts. Director Vierheller deems, perhaps his most unusual trick, and one which few animals or former circus acts, his stunt of walking about a stage and up steps on his hands, and using only three fingers at a time.



Sammy and Yonnah in Their Policeman Act.



Billy Persuades Yonnah to Step Out on the Tight Rope and Extends His Hand to Steady Her. And Then He Pulls His Hand Away.

With equal reluctance Yonnah was induced to enter the little red wagon and allow herself to be drawn about the stage by Billy or Sammy. She also showed little enthusiasm in her bungling attempts to catch a big white soccer ball tossed to her by one of the chimps. Training the lumbering gorilla to walk on its hands or to engage Sammy or Billy in a boxing match, was of course out of the question. Finally after several days of patient work on the part of Trainer Ferguson, the slow-learning Yonnah had been brought to the stage where she could walk part of the way across the tight rope, with the assistance of Trainer Ferguson. She also had lost some of her fear of the little red wagon and once in awhile would glue onto the soccer ball tossed at her by Billy.

So one day recently the acting ape show was announced at the zoo with the additional baillahoo that a new star was to be seen in the person of the well-known Yonnah. Director Vierheller and Trainer Ferguson watched with misgivings as a huge audience of youngsters and grown-ups gathered before the stage in the big monkey house, attracted by their desire to witness the stage debut of the popular Yonnah. Nothing was added to their peace of mind by the last minute discovery that Yonnah had developed an acute attack of stage fright. The gorilla was not far from the stage and several members of the crowd noted Yonnah's an instant and then saved herself from a fall only by grabbing desperately onto the rope with all four feet. The crowd began to titter. Mortified, Trainer Ferguson quickly shifted to the wagon act. Here again, either through Yonnah's clumsiness or the chimpanzees' mischievous spirit, disaster fell. So did Yonnah, with a resounding thump as the red wagon was overturned and the gorilla went sprawling on the floor. The audience greeted this unbooked event with roars of laughter. The crowd continued to laugh as Yonnah tried vainly and clumsily to catch the big soft soccer ball which was tossed to her. The show came to an uproarious climax when one of the chimps, apparently disgusted with

READERS of The American Weekly have been entertained from time to time by the amusing performance of the trained chimpanzees in the famous \$250,000 monkey pavilion of the St. Louis, Mo., public zoo. Battling Billy Busch and Sockem Sammy Green are probably the best trained and most intelligent apes in the world. For many months their public boxing bouts have been an endless source of enjoyment day after day at the zoo.

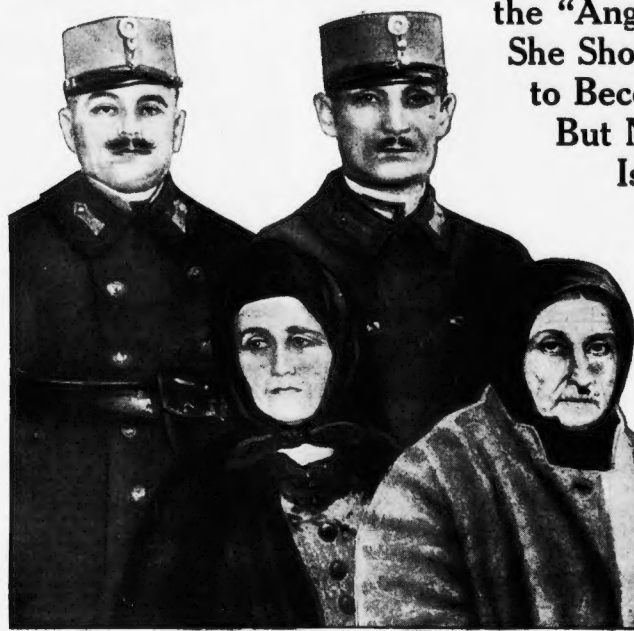
But lately another ape has been added, so that now there are a trio of these extraordinary simian actors. The newest monkey to join the troupe is Miss Yonnah, a coal-black, young female gorilla. This child of the African forest is now about five years old. The high intelligence, initiative ability and natural aptitude to learn tricks are well-known qualities of chimpanzees. But the question which puzzled

Mr. George P. Vierheller, the director of the zoo, and Cash Ferguson, the skillful trainer of the animals, was—can this young gorilla be taught to be an actress, so she may play parts on the zoo stage with Billy and Sammy? Trainer Ferguson well knew that a gorilla learns less easily than his wide-awake cousin, the chimpanzee, and is awkward, slow moving and inclined to be rather dumb.

But it was decided to see what could be done, so Miss Yonnah began intensive training under the capable direction of Ferguson. Reluctantly the awkward beast was coaxed up the ladder to the tight rope and reluctantly she clung to the strand of rope with all four feet, refusing to venture out on it upright, like the chimpanzee Billy, who was watching the proceedings in disgust, as he balanced easily on his precarious perch.

United Fly-Paper to Kill Husbands

Dissatisfied Wives Affectionately Called Julianna Nagy the "Angel-Maker" When She Showed Them How to Become Widows— But Now Julianna Is to Be an Angel of Some Kind Herself by Way of the Hangman's Rope



Julianna Nagy, the "Angel-Maker," Called Also the "Arsenic Witch," Is at the Right. Beside Her Is Mrs. Balint Nagy, Who Used the Angel-Maker's Poison to Kill Her Husband and Then Turned Crown Witness, Court Guards Behind Them.

DEBRECZEN, Hungary, April 30. —MRS. JULIANNA NAGY, the "Angel-Maker," has been given the death sentence for making "angels" of more than twenty-two husbands with the aid of poison fly-paper. This ends the third and latest chapter of Hungary's strange epidemic of "widow-making."

Fly-paper is supposed to catch flies. Julianna discovered how it could kill husbands. She became very popular. Julianna was not only a self-made widow but had first made "angels" of her husband's previous wife and all his five children. Also she profited by the experience of other Hungarian murderers. After the first of the modern crop had been rounded up and punished, any wife who bought a quantity of rat-poison became too conspicuous to dare use it on her husband.

An entirely new method had to be devised and it was. The second series of husband-removers, of whom "Smoking Peter," a female man-hater who disguised herself as a man, was the ringleader, first made the husband helpless, usually by a tap on the back of the head and then hanged him in such a way that it looked like suicide. This worked nicely until one lady tapped a husband with too much zeal, fracturing his skull and causing the coroner to wonder. The subsequent trial and conviction made the "suicide method" even more dangerous than the rat-poison.

Julianna went back fifty years to the technique of the infamous Marie Jaeger who ran a "baby farm," killing thirty of her little charges and teaching other women of the vicinity how to get rid of superfluous children. She received, and richly deserved, the death sentence, but old middle-headed Emperor Franz-Joseph, in one of his sentimental moments, commuted it to life imprisonment.

Like the rat-poison school of murder, Frau Jaeger used arsenic but she obtained it from fly-paper, in common use and which everyone except Julianna seems to have soon forgotten can be made to exterminate husbands as well as flies.

Enterprising Julianna, native of the little village of Cokoma in the Hungarian lowlands, known as "the country behind God's back," was an old maid for more than half of her life. The lowlands are only sixty miles from Budapest, the "Paris of the East," but they might as well be six hundred miles or six centuries away as far as many of their beliefs and customs are concerned. Their graveyards look more like carved Indian totem poles and it is customary for a widow to place in the coffin with her lamented husband the bottles of medicine she gave him in his last illness.

No railroads go through this area nor any highways ready fit for a motor to travel. This little, isolated pool of population has inbred for centuries until they all belong to one of three families or clans. Rarely are they visited even by the police because if there are crimes, no complaint ever reaches the authorities. The heads of the clans make sure of that.

The "Angel-Maker" started the career for which she is to be hanged, as housekeeper in the home of James Nagy, a prosperous farmer who had an invalid wife. Julianna had just one virtue—she was such a good cook that



Four of the Widows Sentenced to Life Imprisonment in the Previous Outbreak of Husband Murder in the District.

Janos, one day, hardly able to rise from his Sunday dinner, made the fatal mistake of saying, with gratitude in his eyes: "Julianna, you are no longer young and you never were beautiful. But, if I were free, I would marry you in a minute because I could always shut my eyes, and think of your beautiful cooking."

The old maid realized that he was speaking from the fullness of his heart or of his stomach which sometimes amounts to about the same thing. She cooked with even greater care and as she cooked she thought. The wife was an invalid, a nuisance to her husband, and everyone, even herself. She was forever telling everyone how she yearned to be one of the blessed angels and yet it looked as if she never would become one.

Julianna thought it would be a kindness to all concerned if some one would just place this woman's other foot in the grave. So she soaked some fly-paper in water and having no idea of the proper dose, experimented on an old horse. Next morning the animal was so thoroughly dead that she decided a half portion would be liberal for a human being.

This she administered to Frau Nagy just at the start of a cloud-burst which prevented the doctor from arriving until it was all over. The overworked and underpaid medical man showed no surprise. His only comment, as he wrote out the death certificate was: "No, too."

"You are too good a cook. You will kill them all with overcooking."

"What a delightful death!" said Farmer Nagy and the children agreed: "No, too!"

They all got their wish, dying from her food. The old maid induced the old man to marry her by the simple process of threatening to resign as cook. But there were five children to provide for, and Julianna was a widow in case something should happen to Nagy. Therefore Julianna bought more fly-paper with which she made little angels, one after the other of all the five children. There was considerable talk among the clans, about this run of bad luck, even before the farmer himself followed the procession to the cemetery.

To lead everyone's thoughts astray, the murderers did a shrewd thing. Re-



"Smoking Peter," the Woman Man-Hater, Whose Place Julianna Nagy Took.

membering that many people had called her an old witch, she whispered to some that she had "passed them all out" by the evil eye and other black magic methods. To make a good job of it she claimed to have caused the death of many others who had died from perfectly natural causes and whom she had not been near at all. When a police investigator visited the village he heard such a mass of absurd charges that he reported that there was nothing in it but rank superstition.

Julianna then told the women that if they talked about her any more she would give them the evil eye and they, too, would soon disappear. Pretty soon dissatisfied wives began to ask timidly how much she would charge to "give the eye" to their husbands. Apparently, she accommodated them all, giving them the "magic potion" and instructions for various prices. The average was about \$20 down, \$100 at the funeral and \$100 more when the widow came into her husband's estate. Some of the fees read like enormous



In the Previous Outbreak of Husband Murder in the District the Method Was to Prepare a Noose, Inveigle the Man Within Reach and Then After the Preface of the Angel-Maker Had Slugged Him on the Head, to Hang Him, Thus Making It Appear to Be Suicide.

fortunes but these were during the ruinous inflation period when money had almost no value at all.

She was a cautious murderess, insisting that her customers wait until the husband had fallen ill and called the doctor for some natural cause. Then, instead of the medicine he left, the would-be widow would give him the "witch's potion" and soon there would be no more "angel."

Also no money would tempt her to make fictitious lovers into angels nor would she trust a husband to do away with his wife. This distrust of men was well-founded, because it was a man who brought her and all the other merry widows to book. Mrs. Papp, one of the largest land-owners, led his pretty eighteen-year-old niece astray. Frau Papp's name happened to be Julianna, too, and she was related to the "Angel-Maker."

There would have been no great local resentment at Mrs. Papp had she paid the girl the customary damages, due in such cases. But the land-owner pleaded that the taxes had taken every penny he had and he put the settlement off until the baby was born. A bus line had recently penetrated "the country behind God's back," bringing in new ideas, such as lawsuits and the niece actually sued her uncle in court. This unheard of act infuriated Mrs. Papp and he sent an anonymous letter to the authorities, informing them that

young Julianna had killed her baby with the aid of old Julianna. The authorities sent several sleuths who found not only that this was true but excluded more than twenty-two other bodies, heavily impregnated with arsenic. The widows and others involved all confessed, implicating the fly-paper murderess. Julianna Nagy, though now seventy-two years old, was not ready to become an angel herself, so she stolidly denied everything.

The eight other widows, no longer merry, wept and wrung their hands as they broke the law. Their excuse was that old Julianna had assured them that her "medicine" contained no poison, but was deadly only because it had been made so by magic. Since there is no law against magic, it could not be unlawful to get rid of an undesirable husband that way. Nor could it be a sin, because why would God allow the magic to work, if it was bad?

The judges did not follow this ingenious reasoning, sentencing Mrs. Balint Nagy and most of the others to life imprisonment though Mrs. Lajos Elka got off with only 15 years due to her age and young Julianna because more sinned against than sinning received a suspended sentence. Mrs. Papp, the informer, only man involved, except as victim, was not in court. He wrote that letter. The investigation



The Curious Carved Wooden Tombstones like the one at Red Church, Where the Poisoned Husbands Were Buried.

revealed that he had aided and abetted in the murder of his own baby, for which he will also spend his life behind the bars.

Mrs. Andreas Gyori saw the officer arresting her neighbor the widow Balint Nagy and realized that her turn would come soon. So she tied a rope to one of the rafters of her house, put a noose around her neck and jumped from a high stool. When the police broke in the door, she was already an "angel" beyond their powers to arrest because though angels have wings, like flies, nobody has invented an angel paper that will catch them.

Mrs. Lajos Elka, besides removing a husband who talked and ate too much, also "abated" the nuisance of a thirteen-year-old, unruly daughter. Ransacking of the cemeteries revealed that many other husbands had gone the arsenic way but that nothing could be done about it. Some of these poisonings had been done as much as 12 years ago and the widows who had perpetrated them were already sleeping placidly beside their victims.

True to custom, most of the coffins contained bottles supposed to hold samples of the medicine last taken by the deceased. These were analyzed but in no case was any trace of arsenic detected. The widows swore that they had no idea Julianna's medicine was poisonous but somehow they forgot to put any oil in the coffins.

Those queer, carved, wooden tombstones, suggestive of American Indian totem poles, are believed to be not without significance. There seems to be little doubt that the Men of Asia, of Asiatic stock and so also are the husband-killers of Hungary. Hungary has been the gateway for so many invasions of Europe by Asiatic hordes that the nation is full of Oriental blood and traditions. Since long before history, husband-poisoning seems to have been one of the most popular feminine industries of the Far East.

Tradition relates that this was the custom of Sutee, the custom in India for widows to commit suicide on their husband's funeral pyre. The ruling caste of India at the beginning of history decided that the best and perhaps only way to insure a husband's life against his wife's adding something special to his food, was to insure that no widow would be permitted to survive her husband by more than twenty-four hours. This may not have made much sense in the beginning but it increased that gentleman's expectation of life.

Huband-removing habit, without the corrective of Sutee, seems to have asserted itself repeatedly among the fair sex of Hungary.

"Aunt" Zuzsi Fazekas of the Village of Nagyrva was a midwife who would pay only a pittance for bringing a new little trick. Any woman would reward handsomely anyone who could push a husband out of it in such a way that the police would not ask questions. Her first victim was Lajos Varga who happened to be Austro-Hungary's first General and a detective, quietly following, thus obtained a dozen names and addresses in one evening. "Aunt" Zuzsi used arsenic though its source has been disputed.

She was not arrested until more than a dozen of her "liberated widows" had been gathered in. When they came for "Aunt" Zuzsi was late. She had taken her own medicine.

Glorifying Emancipated Woman on Turkish Stamps



Some of the New Turkish Postage Stamps Promoting the Suffragette Congress and the "New Deal" For Women.

A Design Showing "Motherhood" Thrown Out as Being Not Appropriate for a Symbol of Modern Womanhood

ISTANBUL, Turkey, May 1. **H**ITHERTO it has not been customary to put portraits of women on postage stamps unless they were sovereigns, saints, symbolical figures or great national heroines. This injustice, or disrespect, is to be fully remedied, and, of all places in the world, the wrong was first made right in Turkey, the country where until a few years ago woman was a veiled slave in the harem of her lord, a mere plaything who could not call her soul her own, who had no right to appear in public, and in fact no rights of any kind.

The Twelfth International Women's Suffrage Congress was recently held in Istanbul, once known to the Western World as Constantinople, and the great occasion was celebrated by an issue of postage stamps bearing the portraits of women of all countries who have fought successfully for the rights of their sex.

The Turkish Government picked out the pictures of the six women Nobel prize winners to grace the stamps of higher value. These women are Jane Addams, the social worker of Hull House, Chicago; Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium; Grazia Deledda, the Italian authoress and champion of women's rights; Bertha von Suttner, the noted peace worker; Sigrid Undset, author of "Kristin Lavransdatter" and other notable books, and Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish novelist, whose "Gösta Berling" has aroused the conscience of the world to a new conception of life.

The most expensive stamp of all is dedicated to the American woman suffrage leader and founder of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

A special committee considered the pictures of prominent women suitable for the postage stamps and made their selections. Several Turkish women were selected, but very modestly it was decided to give most of the honors to the women of the world, as it was to commemorate an international congress. One of those chosen was the illustrious Miss Hadjia Selma Ekrem, the first Turkish woman to abandon the veil, bob her hair and wear a hat.

The pictures prove how completely the Turkish woman has discarded the old custom of going veiled and wearing clothes that completely concealed the lines of the figure. The picture of Miss Leman Chehrbani, a prize beauty of Smyrna, shows that she not only reveals her face without a veil, but a good deal more.

Many Turkish women go around in athletic shorts when they find it convenient to do so, and when they go swimming or just sunning themselves they wear bathing suits as scantily as can be seen at the cosmopolitan French watering places.

An elaborate design was offered for one of the new stamps glorifying motherhood and the infant, but it was rejected because a mother and her emancipated woman it was not considered fit to celebrate maternity as their chief function.

Not untypically, Latife Hanum, founder of the movement for women's rights in Turkey and formerly wife of Kemal Pasha, Turkey's dictator, was considered for a high place on the stamps. But after prolonged discussion it was decided to exclude her. Some of the reasons for this might offend Kemal, who is generally friendly to women's rights, to feature her and others thought he had shown a lack of fighting ability by getting thrown out of the dictator's home.

Latife Hanum was born at a time when harem slavery was still usual in Turkey, but when some women were beginning to rebel against it, often with painful results to themselves. She was one of the rebels, but she ultimately for her belonged to a wealthy fam-



Miss Hadjia Selma Ekrem, the First Turkish Woman to Abandon the Veil, Bob Her Hair and Wear a Hat.

ily who gave her the means to prosecute her propaganda.

While Latife was rising to fame as a champion of Turkish women's freedom, Kemal was a poor and unknown reformer and fighter against the corruption of Enver Pasha's regime. Kemal confided to Latife that he was a passionate advocate of Turkish women's freedom and that the best way she could promote her ideals would be to marry him. She listened to his glowing pictures of the future and married him. Her wealth was of great help in enabling him to realize all his political ambitions and become the Dictator of Turkey.

But when Kemal reached the summit of power he and Latife did not agree so well. Each of them had too strong a personality to run well in deable harness with the other. There have been many stories about the causes of the disagreement, but the exact facts have been concealed. It has been reported that Kemal, while a friend of progress in most directions, has some of the old-fashioned Turkish pasha's ideas about making himself comfortable in the home circle. The emancipated woman, on the other hand, usually believes in exercising a wholesale control over man, particularly if he is her husband. It is said Latife wanted to know where and how Kemal was spending his evenings. He told her forcefully to mind her own business.

The most peculiar feature of their quarrel was the divorce. Under old Mohammedan conditions a husband could divorce his wife summarily for



The Proposed Design for One of the New Feminist Turkish Postage Stamps, Glorifying Motherhood and the Infant. But It Was Discarded as No Fit Subject for Substituting the Modern Emancipated Woman.



Miss Leman Chehrbani, Prize Beauty of Smyrna, Not Only Revealing Her Face Without a Veil, but a Good Deal More.

no particular cause, but under the new regime it was supposed that husband and wife were equal. Kemal, however, told Latife she was divorced and kicked her out of the house just as an old-fashioned pasha would have done. The moral seems to be that a dictator is very much the same today as in the days of Mohammed.

Kemal has continued to be a supporter of women's rights, but he appears to place them after Kemal's own interests and a strong army for Turkey. Kemal may be said to take the esthetic view of women's rights. He thinks they should be allowed to display as much of their faces and figures as they please in public, but does not care so much for them in his cabinet.

Whatever may be the truth about the disagreement between Kemal and Latife, it is a fact that the position of woman in Turkey has undergone a complete transformation since they were in the hands of Mohammed. The days the Turkish women of the upper classes passed their lives looking on the couches of their harems, eating Turkish delight and ministering to the pleasure of the powerful pashas who owned them as slaves were owned. Sometimes they made eyes from behind the barred windows of their harems at languorous youths, who as often as not found an untimely end at the bottom of the Bosphorus, tied in a sack. Now all that is a thing of the past.

It is said that there is no country as far advanced in the legislative protection of women's rights as Turkey and no government so desirous of promoting them. In certain cases, as in



Not so Long Ago Turkish Women Were Not Allowed to appear in Public Without the Veil. But Now They Go Around in Athletic Shorts and Thoroughly Modern Bathing Suits.



Group of Beauty Prize Competitors in Constantinople Competition, Showing Them All Dressed in Thoroughly Modern Costume.

It is even said that Turkish women are more proud and pleased with their freedom than those of other countries where they began to acquire their rights more than a generation ago.

Many women of the Western World have now found that it is pleasant to let husbands provide the bread and butter and various harem-like comforts, but in many cases they have discovered that husbands are scarce, and when obtainable are sometimes unable to provide the desired luxuries. The Turkish women are unusually successful in making a living for themselves. The streets of Istanbul, where once they never ventured except wrapped up in veils under the care of eunuchs, are now thronged with busy little stenographers and working women of all kinds. They not only show their faces, with bobbed hair surmounted by cunning little hats, but as much of their legs as they think fit and a liberal allowance of the rest of the figure. The traditional disinclination of the male Turk to do any work has had much to do with the prosperity of the women.

Various types of the Turkish woman worker will be honored on the new postage stamps. An aviator, a harvest worker, a school teacher and a typist will be portrayed as representatives of the most important branches of women's work in Turkey. Two stamps will be devoted to ideal representations of the woman worker exercising the highest privilege of a free woman.

The New Laws to Stop the "Heart-Balm" Suits

Three States Have Passed and Many Are Considering Bills That Take All the Profits Out of Lost or Stolen Love and Bring Millions Yearly to Forsaken Sweethearts and Their Lawyers



Mrs. Roberta West Nicholson, of the Indiana Legislature, the Author of the First Law to Prohibit "Heart-Balm" Suits.

MRS. ROBERTA WEST NICHOLSON, 44, to outlaw the "heart-balm" suit was passed by her own state of Indiana and copied in the Legislature of a score of others with a rapidity that threatens the entire \$2,000,000,000 "aching-heart-balm" industry. This is much to the consternation of an army of lawyers and the four clients who live on these profits.

Mrs. Nicholson is the only woman legislator in the Indiana Legislature. She is the author of the first law to prohibit the "heart-balm" suit, which is a breach of promise or seduction. The law is now being considered in many other states, including New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Maryland, Ohio, Washington and Arizona. However, even if all the other states should eventually follow the example of Indiana, Illinois and New York, it may not mean the end of this form of suit. Mrs. Nicholson and many other women, who have been defamed by the "heart-balm" suits, are still being harassed by the "heart-balm" suits.

The legislation is still pending or proposed in New Jersey, Idaho, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Texas, North Carolina, California, Maryland, Ohio, Washington and Arizona. However, even if all the other states should eventually follow the example of Indiana, Illinois and New York, it may not mean the end of this form of suit. Mrs. Nicholson and many other women, who have been defamed by the "heart-balm" suits, are still being harassed by the "heart-balm" suits.

As the New York Law Journal points out there is considerable doubt whether such an absolute prohibition is constitutional. While it may be true, as asserted by the sponsors of the bills, that more than 90 per cent of the "heart-balm" cases are sheer bandy in which the woman threatens to disgrace the man or her rival unless she is bought off, there may be some honest, meritorious cases. It is possible to enter into a contract to marry, and many lawyers hold that it is contrary to the Constitution to destroy anyone's right to sue for breach of any legitimate contract.

Bernard A. Sandler, counsel for Colette Franco, the 22-year-old French girl who came over from Paris to sue Arthur M. Low, New York theatrical manager for \$100,000 damages in a seduction action, said of the New York bill recently enacted:

"There are fundamental rights of great social significance which this law destroys. Absurdly and unduly exact but these can be corrected without working a hardship on those people entitled to the protection of the courts. I dare say that the net result will be that the unwritten law will be successfully invoked by some of the victims deprived of any appeal to the courts."

"The unwritten law," means, of course, that ladies who have been defamed by "heart-balm" suits are still being harassed by the "heart-balm" suits. The law is now being considered in many other states, including New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Maryland, Ohio, Washington and Arizona. However, even if all the other states should eventually follow the example of Indiana, Illinois and New York, it may not mean the end of this form of suit. Mrs. Nicholson and many other women, who have been defamed by the "heart-balm" suits, are still being harassed by the "heart-balm" suits.



Mrs. Rhoda Tanner Doubleday, whose suit against Harold Stern resulted for \$1,300,000, claiming breach of promise to marry. Was the Highest Figure Yet Upon Lost Love Up to That Time.

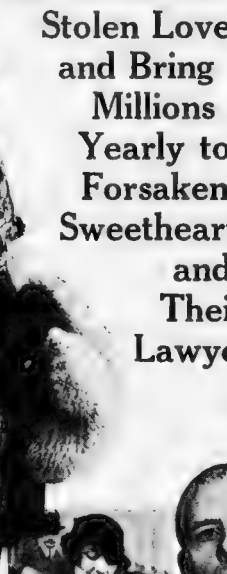
room. They are less sentimental than men, and she believes that it is especially about other women and that it would be difficult for a hard-boiled adventurer to convince a jury of her own sex that she was just an innocent, trusting girl who had been deceived. However, the dean's suggestion does not satisfy one of the most important reasons for the new laws. At least 90 per cent of the victims settle out of court, not for fear of how much the jury might make them pay but to buy back mortifying love-letters or pictures which they know will be exhibited in court and shame them regardless of whether the jury awards any damages or not. Also they know that the most outrageous assertions will be made whether true or not. New York's law, written by State Senator McNabue who estimates that it will save \$100,000 a year from the clutching hands of "badgerettes" and their lawyers, makes it a felony to institute one of these "black-jack" suits.

Lawyer Burton B. Turkus of Brooklyn authoritatively states that the new laws safeguard the philanthropists and deny protection to innocent and easily susceptible women. But Mr. Nicholson, who started it, and is Indiana's only woman legislator, points out that the old laws, far from protecting feminine virtue, held out golden rewards to a girl for wrong-doing, as long as she was careful to pick a rich man to go wrong with. Mrs. Nicholson does not think this "honors for badness" was conducive to public morals.

The general idea of course was that men would be the chief beneficiaries from stopping of the "heart-balm" game. Yet, curiously enough, it has come just as many men have at last achieved something like a single standard and equality of the sexes by actually collecting some damages from a woman who had "betrayed" him.

John Peterson, 50 years old, a fisherman of Pore County, who told the court that the widow Sarah Lineweaver, who is 58, had lived with him as man and wife under promise to marry him. But after a long absence on the fishing banks, he returned to find that the widow's passion had cooled. She now refused to marry him or return the \$500 he had spent on her. There he was — a cast-off plaything. It not only broke his heart but he could not hold up his head among other men who know he was neither boy, husband nor widower. He asked \$5,000, the worth of pearls he had.

That would be an unusually modest claim for a woman's heart but a mere man's was not supposed to have any



John Peterson and widow Sarah Lineweaver, whose suit resulted for \$200,000, claiming breach of promise to marry. Was the Highest Figure Yet Upon Lost Love Up to That Time.

cash value at all and the judge reduced even that to \$200 and costs. But it was a revolutionary decision showing that the male heart is worth a little something. In time lawyers with imagination might have worked it up from this humble start to really profitable proportions. In another decade courtrooms might have seen a pallid youth take the stand and sob: "I am a father but no wedding ring." His lawyer would then cry:

"He learned too late that girls better be careful to keep their hearts clean."

"What harm can soothe his melancholy?"

"What art can wash his guilt away?"

Though \$200 is too price for breaking a man's heart, a man's affections come higher when they belong to some woman and another woman helps herself to them. Not long ago Mrs. Allison L. Stern, wife of a New York stock broker said her ex-friend, Mrs. Ruth Erlanger Nathan for alienating her husband's affections. She set the stupendous value of \$1,000,000 on his love, thus making him the most precious husband of all time, as far as he could be measured by the yard stick of dollars. Men vied with women in studying the picture of this pearl among husbands.

But, after all, it was only the aching heart, Mrs. Stern, not get it. The case was settled out of court for an unknown sum but nobody pretends that any such "king's ransom" changed

hands on the deal. Naturally a \$4,000,000 "heart-balm" suit was a show worthy of unusual interest. Mrs. Stern, after such a long time with girls and plenty of money, was calling his bluff and asking to have the courtroom darkened. When the suit was brought to the court, Mrs. Stern got a new little divorce and Allison married Ruth.

The settlement out of court may have been price paid by an alarmingly averted jury. Mrs. Stern's suit, however, was not actually won. Her husband, who was actually a stock broker, moved by this emotion to sue for the return of his money. Mrs. Stern moved by this emotion to sue for the return of his money. Mrs. Stern moved by this emotion to sue for the return of his money.



Mrs. Helen V. Stern, whose claim for \$100,000 as the worth of a stolen heart-balm suit was the largest on record.

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But most other large corporations are constantly hied by unpaid damage suits. If every law that can be perpetrated into a racket were repealed, what would be come of the courts and all their employees? When Mrs. Nicholson wanted the court in Indianapolis to see the first case to come under her law, the bailiff may have been thinking about that very thing because he indignantly refused to get through the New York courts before the shaming of the doors by the new law is out of Maud Kimbel who asked \$100,000 and won a judgment of \$15,000 from Charles Severy, New York manufacturer and



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Mrs. Colette Franco, the 22-year-old French girl who came over from Paris to sue Arthur M. Low, New York theatrical manager for \$100,000 damages in a seduction action.

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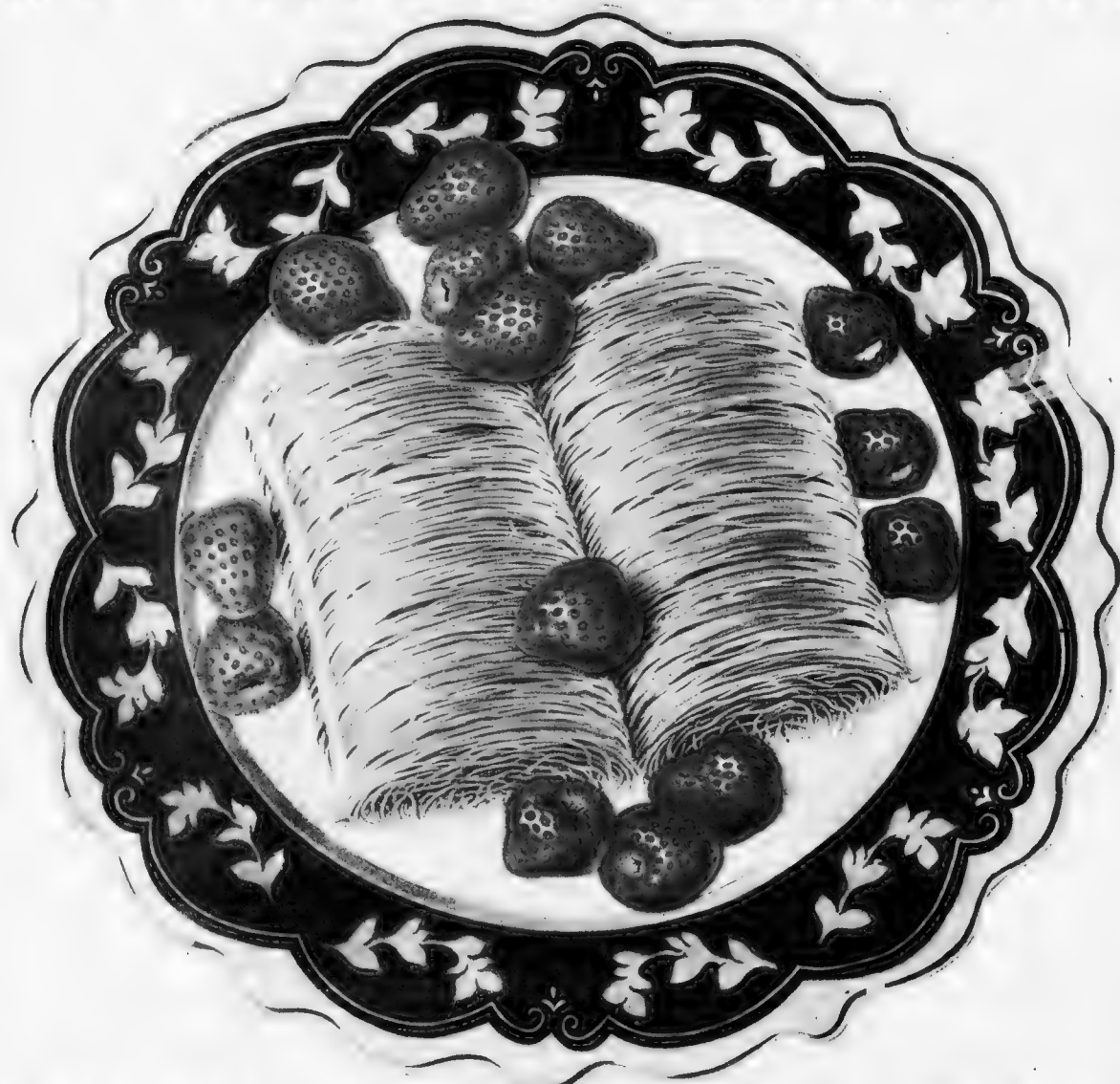
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THE NATIONAL BREAKFAST



As You Eat it in Strawberry Time!

• Wake up those lagging appetites. It's strawberry time! Heap a handful of luscious, juicy berries over golden-brown Shredded Wheat. Add rich, wholesome milk and a sprinkling of sugar. It's the National Breakfast!... Shredded Wheat is the national favorite for its crisp, chewy flavor. But still more important, it's packed with vigorous health and energy.... Whole wheat, you know, is Mother Nature's favorite. To

this golden grain she gave her most abundant array of the vital elements that build strong bones, muscle and vigor. And Shredded Wheat is whole wheat!—nothing added, nothing taken away—made of the choicest, plumppest, sun-ripened grains, selected from the nation's richest harvest fields... Try this national favorite tomorrow morning and repeat daily—it's a delightful, healthful habit.

The NATIONAL Breakfast

Because— Shredded Wheat with milk is the most delicious, satisfying breakfast you can eat. *Because—* it contains the health-building elements the body needs: bran, mineral salts, calcium, carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, phosphorus and iron. Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. Uneda Seal.



SHREDDED WHEAT

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneda Bakers"

\$125,000.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

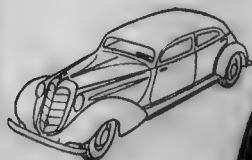
100 HUPMOBILES AS GRAND PRIZES

**NEW
SEMINOLE
CONTEST**

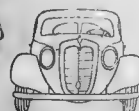
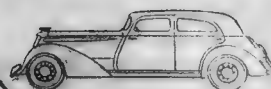
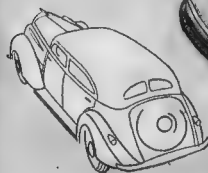
Just write a Slogan
for Seminole Tissue!*

NOT MORE THAN 14 WORDS

**12,300 PRIZES
YOU CAN WIN**



\$795
F.O.B. DETROIT



Dean Cornwell and committee
of famous artists pick

HUPMOBILE SMARTEST CAR OF 1935

In this great Seminole contest—the world's largest—the choice of the cars to be given as Grand Prizes was entrusted to a committee of famous artists—Dean Cornwell, Pierre Brissaud, and Harvey McClelland. After comparing all

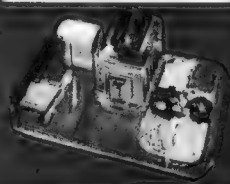
makes of cars this committee rated Hupmobile the handsomest car of the year—the car which gives most riding comfort and performance. Don't miss this chance to win one of these magnificent cars. Enter this great contest today.

**100 SILVER KING
BICYCLES**

BOY'S AND GIRL'S, 1935 De Luxe Model Streamlined Chromium Plated, Speedy, Smart, Aluminum Alloy Frames.



**100 TOASTMASTERS
AND HOSPITALITY TRAY SETS**
Two-piece automatic. Beautiful!



2000 LECTROCASE
"Roll-Top" CIGARETTE CASES
Built-in Larchless Liner \$5.00
Guaranteed by Pilot Case Co., Chicago, Ill.



10,000 ADMIRACON
SHAMPOO Treatment SETS
Pine Tar and Olive Oil.



HERE'S HOW TO WIN

Imagine getting a big, thrilling 1935 Hupmobile for merely writing a simple little slogan for Seminole Tissue! Did you ever hear of any contest, asking so little of you and giving such big rewards?—\$125,000 in prizes, including 100 brand new six-passenger 1935 Hupmobile Sedans and 12,200 other valuable prizes (illustrated above).

You can win easily. Here's how. Start thinking about slogans right away. It's fun thinking them up. Hold a slogan party. Enter as many slogans as you like. The more you send, the more chances you have of winning. Here are two slogans to show how easy they are to write: "America's softest bathroom tissue", "Best because it's safe, and safe because it's soft".

Start at once to write your slogans. Read the simple rules. You can be a winner. Seminole Tissue is sold by thousands of independent grocers, chain grocery stores, drug and department stores.

Retail Grocers, Store Managers, Druggists, Dealers—You will receive prizes identical to the prizes awarded your prize-winning customers. (50 of the 100 Hupmobiles will be awarded to dealers, 50 of the 100 Silver King Bicycles, etc.) Dealers to be eligible for these duplicate prizes, should make attractive displays of Seminole and call customers' attention to the clues listed on this page.

Important. The more answers your customers send in, the more opportunities you have to win. Remind your customers to mention your name and address on each slogan they submit. Prize winning dealers will be notified by mail at the same time their prize winning customers are notified.



**★ THESE CLUES
MAY HELP YOU WIN**

SEMINOLE IS: (1) Cotton-Soft (2) Snow-White; (3) Super-Absorbent; (4) Fully Sterilized; (5) Entirely Wrapped; (6) 1000 Sheets; (350 to 500 more sheets than ordinary rolls)

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

- (1) Write a slogan, (not more than 14 words) for Seminole Bathroom Tissue.
- (2) Sign YOUR name and address and name and address of your dealer.
- (3) Attach to each slogan, one (1) Seminole wrapper (or facsimile).
- (4) Mail slogans as quickly as you complete them, to Seminole Contest Dept. A—P.O. Box 826, Chicago, Ill.

No limit to the number of slogans you can submit. The more you send the more chances you have of winning a thrilling new 1935 Hupmobile or one of the 12,200 other valuable prizes. Send 100 slogans if you like, but write each slogan on a separate sheet of paper and follow rules 1, 2 and 3 above.

All entries must be postmarked before midnight, Wednesday, July 10th, 1935. No employees of Seminole Paper Corporation, and their advertising agency and their families, may enter this contest. No contestant to receive more than one prize.

Prizes will be awarded for the "Best Slogan" in the opinion of the judges. Decisions of judges are final. Judges: Christine Frederick, Domestic Science Editor, American Weekly; Esther E. Kimmel, Associate Home Economist, "This Week"; David D. Herold, Professor of Advertising, Northwestern University. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes. All slogans become property of Seminole Paper Corporation. No entries returned. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

SEMINOLE PAPER CORP., CHICAGO, ILL. - Division of INTERNATIONAL PAPER CO. - World's Largest Paper Makers

A Short Story, Complete on This Page, in Which a Clergyman Is Plunged Into a Murder Mystery.

A Peddle

Would A'?

Finally the clock struck seven o'clock. Canon Wiggin's mind worked slowly. He knew enough of the law to be aware that no one should touch the patient's

Felsen Strauss

(Continued from Page 10)

She bustled into her room and Miss Keller heard her

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15

Artists' Models Starving

Carmen, the Famous
and Other Notable
of the Women



A Former Model Waiting
With Faint Hope for an
Engagement.



Jolly Group of Artists and Their Models Straggling Home From the Annual
Artists' Ball. But These Days of Prosperity and Boisterous Merriment
Are No Longer Seen in the Paris Latin Quarter.



Types of Queer Birds Who Haunt the Art Colony
—But Notice of Them With Any Money to Spare

PARIS, May 3.
THE life of an artist's model in the Paris Latin Quarter was never so full of hardships as it is today, asserts Mlle. Carmen Visconti, veteran model of Montparnasse, who has posed in the past 32 years for scores of celebrated sculptors and painters, including Rodin, Bourdelle, Bartholomé, Renoir and Zuloaga. She now tells fortunes to gain a livelihood, though she still poses occasionally for connoisseurs, who admire her statue-like placidity.

"If I have stepped down from the model-stand to mount the tripod of the Pythoness," Carmen told friends recently, "it is because of the hard times. Nowadays, it is not enough for a model to be well-proportioned and able to hold a difficult pose. She must perfect herself in the art of sleeping supperless six nights of the week, if she wishes to continue in the profession."

This famous model, who posed for Rodin's "Kiss," is not a bit mealy-mouthed in giving her impressions of present-day Bohemia, where thousands of artists are without work.

"The jobless sculptors and daubers of canvases," says Carmen, "can exist on the meagre dole allotted them by the French Government, but the models are less fortunate. In fact, they have reached the last stage of misery, for the government does not recognize posing as a 'métier,' and refuses to give them a sou. I know more than one starving model who inspects garbage-cans daily, like a dog in search of food."

To make matters worse, the few artists who are not idle hire unemployed shopgirls instead of experienced models, since the former are willing to unveil their charms for half the price of the regulars, fondly believing they are destined to inspire some masterpiece.

Mlle. Linette, Gaëlene, Michaela, Aicha, Thibauda and other professional models here are up in arms against a certain Italian girl of 18, Emma Ferrero, whose services as a model are in great demand at the Colarossi and Borset art schools, although a few weeks ago she was making sweaters at 2 francs an hour in a factory, and did not know what the inside of a studio looked like. They bear a grudge, too, against hard-up boxers, wrestlers, actresses and cabaret-entertainers, who drop in at the ateliers to pose for an hour or two in order to earn enough francs to buy a square meal. Their outlines may not be sculptural, their nakedness may not be bright as the streams or stars, yet the artists don't seem to mind, and treat these interlopers as if they were professionals.

Even mendicants pose in these dull times, though they prefer begging, which is easier and more remunerative. Society women, urged on by vanity, also exhibit their blemishes in the studios, but the professional model does not consider them as serious rivals. If they abandon the "monde," where one lives to pose, to enter the world where one poses to live, it is but for a short while.

The crisis has not only paralyzed art activities, but crushed the joyousness out of the Quarter. Twenty-five years ago, declares Carmen, artists turned their back on care and trouble, fell in love as the sparks fly upward, and led a merry life with their madcap models on hope, hard bread and bottles of "vin ordinaire." When asked who had given them such a gay philosophy, they replied, with Figaro, "The habit of misfortune." The misnery laughed, sang, uttered every sort of drollery and buffoonery, and enjoyed itself.

But the old-time gaiety is gone, the outpouring of song and laughter has ceased, and it would be difficult to imagine a more dismal and forbidding place than the Paris Latin Quarter. The deserts of Arabia are not more dreary and inhospitable. Wielders of brush and chisel are no longer frisky

as harlequins, but impassive as pall-bearers. They seem to have lost their talent at hoping, which gave them buoyancy to carry out their designs.

Because of the competition of jobless shopgirls, modistes and stenographers, professional models are lucky to earn ten francs (sixty cents) a day—a third of their former wage. Moreover, they have lost their health, good looks and graceful contours. Pale, scrawny and undernourished, they remind one of Degas' "monkey-girls"; of the fabulously lean ladies Boldini loved to delineate; of the priestesses of Venus, with sharp cheekbones and shriveled lips, portrayed by Toulouse-Lautrec.

These pitiful, poverty-stricken specimens of humanity live principally on coffee and rolls, sleep in attics, and are often compelled to pawn their clothes to pay for their wretched lodgings. Carmen tells of a model who came from the Dome Café to pose on a cold afternoon in the Colarossi Academy. She wore a long, threadbare coat trimmed with imitation fur, and, while undressing to pose, simply took off her hat, the coat and her shoes and stockings. That is all she wore, for the rest of her wardrobe was at the Mont-de-Piété.

Heating facilities are not always the best in the art-schools, and, even when they are, there is trouble. If the room is warm enough for the model, it is uncomfortably warm for the dressed students, who slip around and open ventilators and windows on the sly. Then there is a draught, and the model catches cold. In spite of the cold, she must continue posing, or lose her week's pay. When the studio stove is hot, she is apt to be roasting on one side and freezing on the other.

Diane de Poitiers posed nude for Jean Goujon, Laura de Dianti for Titian, Pauline Bonaparte for Canova, Cleo de Merode for Fremiet, but these pampered darlings did not have to pass through the ordeals of a professional model. Carmen relates how she posed naked one wintry day in a sculptor's atelier where the sky-light was broken. To keep the snow-flakes from falling on her, the gallant artist gave her an umbrella, but, being full of holes, it afforded little shelter. On another occasion, she was obliged to wrap a wet piece of drapery about her nude, shivering body and remain motionless for two hours in a fireless studio while a woman-painter, who had won the Prix de Rome, made an elaborate study of the drapery-folds. This "femme-peintre" had taken many courses at art-schools, but never one at the school of common sense.

It is customary for models to spend their time between poses reading romances, smoking cigarettes, inspecting the reproductions of their graces, gossiping with the students, or taking a quiet snooze behind the folding screen. There are exceptions to this custom, however, as is proved by the case of the model, Louis d'Ambrosio. This aspiring Italian, who posed in a sculptor's atelier, employed his rest-periods by mixing the fresh, moist clay and making likenesses of the pupils. In time, he became expert in modeling and opened a studio of his own, where he turned out chef-d'œuvres that have since become world-renowned.

The "Hollywood extras" who meet daily in front of the art academy in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, are no longer invited to enter the hall during cold or rainy weather, but must wait outdoors for their chance to pose. Consequently, many of these poorly-clad girls contract bad colds, which often develop into pneumonia. One of Carmen's comrades was laid up for several weeks last Winter in the Cochin hospital, after



"The Kiss," the Famous Masterpiece by Rodin, Now in the Luxembourg Gallery. Mlle. Carmen Posed for the Back of This Statue.

standing in line all morning in the model market during a snow-storm.

Sometimes, when a model falls ill, she has only herself to blame. Louise—a girl in the twenties, tall, straight as a palm, and the toast of the studios a few years ago—appeared in the costume of Mother Eve at the Quat'z'Arts ball, and, after the usual follies of this carousal, clambered up on the public fountain, in the Place de la Concorde, among the Tritons and Nereids, and took the traditional plunge. Bronchial pneumonia set in after this escapade, and had it not been for Carmen, who acted as her nurse and paid the doctor-bills, Louise would not have remained in the land of the living.

"What becomes of all the models?" people frequently ask. Jules Janin has written a book about a poor model who married rich and became a "grande dame," but Janin was a novelist and relied mostly on his imagination. According to Carmen, few models go up in the social scale. In general, most of them work pitilessly to the end, living from hand to mouth year after year. Finally, they sink lower and lower, fading out of the sight and thought, and are only recalled for a brief moment when recognized looking out of some old painting. A model rarely terminates her career by a rich marriage, although it is not rare to find that more than one ancient Venus in Paris has opened a cheap eating-house—like Rosalia Tobia, who posed for Bouguereau and Carolus Duran—or become a concierge or scrub-woman.

In pre-war days, a few models became the exclusive "property" of great painters, who paid them a permanent salary. These favored beings moved in a special circle, in which the ordinary model could not enter—unless she had the good fortune to fascinate some wealthy musketeer of the brush. Since the world-depression, however, great painters have been forced to sell their luxurious studios, villas, autos and yachts, and to take pupils to keep the wolf from the door. Like Van Dongen, they are out of a job, and cannot afford to hire models at any price. If they must have a model, they argue with their victim and haggle over the paltry pay as if their narrow



Photograph of a Group of Artists, who are jolting His Friends and the Gayer to Have a Drink.

souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a two-franc piece.

Chagrins and pleasures follow one another in rapid succession in Bohemia, as Mlle. Elaine Rossetti, a former model of Kisling, knows. Having given up posing, Elaine void the legal proceedings Mme. Dewes had started against her lodger, and so Kisling's ex-model escaped—for a time—from being thrown out in the street and having all her belongings sold at auction to pay her back rent.

Some models are slain by cold and hunger, others by drugs and vice. Among the latter was Mlle. Laure Dayer (famously known as "Lola"), a favorite model of Despuieu, the sculptor. She died, at the age of 21, in a drug-orchard at Montparnasse, after having played the role of café siren since 1932, when she posed at the Colarossi Academy as an Andalusian dancer for M. Jules Oursin, the well-known artist.

Lola was wild and enant as a seagull, and like most girl models, did not remain long in the profession, for posing is hard work. This golden-haired doll, whose chief trait of character seemed to be a limitless desire to enjoy life, wearied of the studios and became a song-and-dance artist in the night-clubs, where she distributed her smiles and kisses impartially.

Some months before her death, Lola made the acquaintance of an exotic-looking stranger said to be a former attaché of the Peruvian Embassy in Paris. This singular individual had a hobby of inviting young women to his apartments where he offered them morphine, heroin or cocaine, promising a substantial reward to the one who could consume the greatest amount in a limited time. On various occasions, Lola carried off first honors by rubbing vaseline in her nostrils, which permitted her to sniff cocaine without any disastrous results.

But it was not long before Lola contracted the drug habit. She lost her liveliness, and, enslaved by the withering vice, began to haunt the bars where narcotics are peddled. One night last June, after attending a dope-party with her chum, Mlle. Ghislaine, she returned to her little drab room to sleep off the effects of the drug debauch.

Having stripped off her clothes, she threw

in the Paris Studios

us Model Who Posed for Rodin's "Kiss" e Masterpieces, Tells of the Pitiful Plight of the Poverty-Stricken Latin Quarter



ny of the French Capital
for the Hungry Models.



atin Quarter Models at Luncheon at the Dome
as at Last Sold a Picture and With Great Re-
voir Models in the Neighboring Studios Have
in First Square Meal in Several Days.



Whanda, a Polish Beauty, Formerly an Artists' Model,
Who Graduated from the Studios and Earns More
Money as a Figurante at the Folies-Bergere.



In the Corner of a Studio Warmed Only by a Charcoal Brazier Many a Model Rolled Up in a Ragged Blanket to Sleep at Night, Sharing a Cup of Coffee and a Roll in the Morning With the Pensive Artist.

herself on the bed completely naked, telling her lover, Jean, she was suffocating. "I have taken heroin and feel greatly fatigued," were her last words. Her pale lips, pinched nostrils and convulsive breathing frightened Jean, and he summoned a doctor, who ordered her taken at once to the nearby Cochin hospital. Here Lola passed away during the night, without regaining consciousness.

Paullette—who posed for Edouard Chiment, Paris' foremost etcher of feminine charms—also fell a victim to the drug habit, which robbed her of health and beauty. She had a boy-friend, who had promised to wed her, yet he broke off the engagement when she became a slave to narcotics, and the model, heart-broken, tried suicide by shutting herself in her room and turning on the gas. Her attempt proved unsuccessful, but although she did not die, Paullette lost her reason. Today she is confined in a lunatic asylum, where her fiancé, filled with remorse, pays her a visit each week.

Not long ago the celebrated model, Haydee—a native of Bou-Saada, Algeria—was found lying on a street-bench at Montparnasse in a half-dazed condition. Haydee, who had been crowned Queen of the Quarter, was later taken to a clinic for cocaine addicts, the expenses for her treatment there being paid by an old-time admirer.

A large number of models quit the atelier for the cafe. In fact studio and cafe are but adjoining apartments in the great house of Bohemia, and it is a short and easy step from one to the other. At the former are little wages, exhausting poses, dullness, poor clothes. At the latter are brilliant lights, showy dresses, popping of corks and better opportunities to make money. It is not surprising so many girls desert the field of modeldom for the cafe's magic glitter. The cafe is the burst of sunshine after the dreariness of the studio, and the model cannot be blamed if she wants to bask in the warmth and glow. After passing a night in the cafe, she is late at the studio next morning, and is sleepy and cross. The room is stifling, its gray walls seem ready to crush her. It is so tiresome, so stupid. She appears no more.

Among the noted models in the past who abandoned the model-stand for the cafe-terrace was Paola, a great favorite with Cabanel. A Russian artist fell in love with her, and after living with Paola in a hotel of the Rue Geoffroy-Marie, offered to marry her and take her with him to Russia. When she refused, the Russian committed suicide, after first firing a shot at his beloved, which shattered three of her front teeth. Tired of artists, Paola left the studios for the cabarets of Montmartre, where she became famous as the siren with the "golden smile"—thanks to a dentist, who had repaired the

damages made by the Russian's bullet.

The footlights' glare attracts those models who believe their curves should be displayed to a larger public than that found in an art academy. Whanda, the Polish beauty, wearied of exhibiting her anatomy in the ateliers, and is now appearing as a figurante at the Folies-Bergere. Kiki, who posed for Utrillo, has not only starred on the music-hall stage, but in the movies and night-clubs.

Many models cling to the "metier" long after their usefulness is gone. Odette, who used to pose successfully, now haunts the ateliers with plaster casts under her arms, which she is always ready to sell at reduced prices to new students. She is the proprietor of the moulds. Jean, an alcoholic wreck, presents himself at a studio and asks the artist if he is not in want of a beautiful blonde model—whom he promises to send, but who never comes. Then, in a whisper, he asks if there are not a few empty paint-tubes he can have. These he collects and sells as old zinc in order to buy liquor. Like the illustrious model, Lamberti, he has become a beggar.

After the manner of retired ballerinas who direct dancing-academies, aged models often found an art-school (like M. Suisse, Socci and Colarossi), or open a shop and deal in paints, brushes, crayons, easels and canvases. Today, models are glad to find work of any description, whether it be waiting on customers in a restaurant, or trimming hair in a barber-shop like the ex-model, Brzozowski, now an expert barber. As a rule, these old-timers are proud of their studio life, resembling the 75-year-old "model," Pousco, whose visiting-card bore the legend: "King of Models."

Carmen recounts the pathetic story of Mile. Titine Roussou, an Italian model who has passed the half-century mark, but whose bust is that of a girl of twenty. Love—the "small-pox of the heart" that has played havoc with so many models here—has left Titine unscathed, yet another malady, a cancer of the breast, now threatens to incapacitate this noted model. Recently, Mile. Roussou went to a specialist, Dr. Delbet, who declared that an operation was necessary, but she refused to be cut up, saying she would rather suffer as a stoic than pose as an Amazon.

A number of male models become the protectors of pavement-nymphs, and spend with profusion what their victims gain with repugnance.

Others try their hand at picking pockets, like the South American mulatto model, Carlos. Physically, he was a handsome scamp—Praxiteles might have carved him. He made his headquarters at the Kosmos Cafe, in the Boulevard Montparnasse, and here he robbed the artist, Louise Bryant, of 1,600 francs by frisking her purse when she was arranging for him to pose for her last May at her atelier in the Rue Froideveau.

Some girls, who become models in the belief that posing is less fatiguing than making hats, ironing shirts, sewing dresses and running errands, soon quit the profession and adopt a life of gallantry, because of their indolence. Others frequent the studios to traffic in their charms, posing being a mere pretext with them. These mercenary minxes, however, must not be confounded with the sentimental models—those birds of passage whom fancy leads to make their nest in an artist's garret, where they will stay for several days, held willing captive by a ribbon or a whim.

Emerson wrote that beauty was the flowering of virtue, yet there are many models in the Latin Quarter—and very beautiful ones, too—who are anything but models of virtue. These amiable Cythereans mistake the primrose path for the road to fame, become the mistress of one artist after another, consider their life as a poem in praise of pleasure, and never allow their emotions to ferment. Unhappily, they are liable to end up as Lola did. To supply herself with drugs, she became a creature of the night, patrolling the sidewalks with astonishing persistence.

In a majority of cases, these "vendeuses d'amour" are the prey of bullies as was poor Clementine, whom David d'Angers used as a model for the reclining figure of a girl in his statue of Marcos Botzaris. The sculptor discovered her in the Rue du Montparnasse, hired her to pose for him at his studio in the Rue de Fleurus, and was so pleased with her that he gave her a handsome

bronze Christ. Clementine never forgot his kindness, and once saved his life, when he tried to get her out of the clutches of her "souteneur," who had inflicted knife wounds on her face and shoulders, and who attempted to kill the sculptor for interfering with his brutality.

Models often attempt to put an end to their existence. Helene—a young model abandoned by her lover—became a mother and went to a Left Bank studio with her child in her arms, pleading to go on the model-stand. The student wags, ignorant of her history, poked fun at her, saying she was too skinny. They compared her extended arms to pump-handles, declared her upturned face was an empty expression as a cipher, and made similar uncomplimentary remarks about her progeny. Of course, all this was said in jest, but the mother, taking it seriously, was fusing from the atelier, and tried to commit suicide by jumping in the Seine.

In the "Souvenirs," which she is writing, Carmen had much to say of Amedeo Modigliani, an erratic Florentine artist whom she frequently sheltered in her studio and who finally died a victim of alcohol. On the night of his burial, one of Modigliani's models and sweethearts, Jeanne Hebuterne—who was about to become a mother—committed suicide by leaping from the sixth-story window in the house of her parents in the Rue Amiot. Her babe was born at the Morgue. Three days before, the 19-year-old girl had created a scene at the Charite hospital by throwing herself on the corpse of her lover, refusing to be separated from him. She had to be taken away forcibly, yet before leaving she cut off a lock of her hair and requested that it be placed on Modigliani's bier.

It was at the Rotonde Café that Modigliani made the acquaintance of Jeanne, a mere child with braids down her back. Attracted by her

The Glamorous Game by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LONDON, to see something of the city, and capture a husband, was the plan of the New York girl, who had come to London to see something of the city, and capture a husband. She had come to London to see something of the city, and capture a husband. She had come to London to see something of the city, and capture a husband.

CHAPTER VII. The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady.

FROM the corner of the room, Judy O'Grady, who had been waiting for the Colonel's Lady, looked at the door. She had been waiting for the Colonel's Lady, who had been waiting for the Colonel's Lady.

"Why sure it is beautiful," he said. "What is it, beautiful?" "I need you to drive me into the country to see a sick friend of mine," said Archie, apologetically. "She is awfully bad, and I have no way to reach her, except perhaps you'd drive me out to the country. She may not be there, but I'll try."

Archie had been in the city for some time, and he had been waiting for the Colonel's Lady, who had been waiting for the Colonel's Lady.

"When it is a good idea, it is a good idea," said Archie. "When it is a good idea, it is a good idea," said Archie.

"I am in the entrance to the city," said Archie. "I am in the entrance to the city," said Archie.

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The Fascinating Story of a Rich Girl Who Wanted Life, and a Poor Girl Who Wanted Her Boss

Sasha confidentially. "He wished to see Chinatown. And he got a guide and we went. And that's all. We saw Barrie Rowan and you."

"And I was in, wasn't I?" asked Archie dryly.

"I think so," said Sasha frowning. "We had to leave quickly. The police came and so the manager told us. We all sneaked out a rear exit. What I mean is—wasn't it worse for you to take that girl to such a place than it would be to take me to the Meadowland?"

A friend of Archie's who was a contract bridge expert, once spent an entire evening showing Archie an intricate approach system of his own. But Archie understood Sasha's at once. What the deuce! Was this black-mail?

"You aren't sorry I saw you, are you, Mr. Wellington?" pursued Sasha innocently. "I was there, too, you know. I wouldn't say a word about it. I've told your brother you ever even look at me."

Archie squirmed. A raid for opium. What had happened then? To Barrie, to him? And this thing would matter if it got out. The Rowans were the most exclusive stuff-necked bunch he knew. And Paul was almost as bad. The last thing he remem-

bered was seeing Barrie waltzing with that strange chap, the spotlight upon them. Golly Neel! Perhaps he could buy this little truck off. There was a good stone in his safe. A mighty fine gem. Perhaps if he let her have that—

"I knew how Barrie felt," said Sasha dreamily. "Like seeing something different. That's how I feel."

"But what the heck?" Archie wanted to know. "Nobody would speak to you, Sasha. I should have to introduce you. And if they knew who you were you would be cut dead. No matter how wrong you are, this is the Meadowland. A bunch of snobs."

Sasha had acquired a sweet angry color. She poked at the silver cord about her violets and her delicious mouth pouted like a very young child's.

"When you couldn't even show me about?" she whispered as though she might cry at any moment.

Archie pondered and he was very, very angry. He was trying to use his head. He did not wish to be boted out of Paul's office, or, worse, out of the Meadowland. If Lila, his sister-in-law, got onto this thing—

"What do you honestly go to the

(Continued on Page 20)

he expect to induce in any speculation since those lines. Life looked pretty fine as she viewed it just then. She was in a good mood. It would mean anything to Archie when she told him she had seen him the night before in the Cherry Dragon with Barrie Rowan. It might not. But some day it might. Well, she would know soon. The Baker farm was a small white house set in the middle of sixty-five acres. It had belonged to William Baker's grandfather and Sasha liked it. The farm went. You could hardly like a

farm. When Sasha was much younger Baker used to drive her there.

Snow was heaped on either side of the lane and Archie asked with a snort, "Is this the place?"

Sasha put on her sweetest, most reproachful expression as she replied: "It is the farm owned by the stockbroker who lives under our flat. I found this poor girl one day in the doorway of his house and we took her to the store. And we brought her here to recover. I've been paying Mr. Baker a form to keep her here. And that's all."

Archie stopped his car and turned an astounded face upon Sasha.

"Listen, did you hear this over the radio?" he wanted to know. "I did not," said Sasha indignantly. "Why? Do you think I can't do a kind act when one comes up and looks me in the eye?"

"It sounds like a mother's melodrama to me," said Archie suspiciously.

"I don't see why," said Sasha stiffly. "Girls do starve to death yet, you know. And they look in doorways if they're lucky and don't fall in the street. She just happened to peek William Baker's door. The doctor said he could not have gone another step."

"I'll bet," said Archie contemptuously. "Lead me to this persecuted damsel. Maybe I could send her candy now and then."

"Why she may not love—flashed Sasha. "Candy? What has Sasha talked with Milly about, and her husband who cared for the Baker farm?"

The day had started in a rotten fashion for Archie. Paul coming in at a ludicrous hour and demanding to know where he had gone from the club the night before and if he knew anything about Barrie Rowan, and because he had been carried in by the butler he jammed down his throat. The Cherry Dragon, Lgh. And Barrie dancing with that chap she didn't know from a bunch of beads. He must get rid of Sasha now and find out what had really happened. If they could manage to keep the blame thing quiet.

"I'm ready to go now," said a sweet voice at his elbow. "The poor kid doesn't speak at all but the doctor says that she is stronger."

"Well, you've got me breaking out in a rash," said Archie as he helped Sasha into her coat. "The idea of a cute little girl putting a stunt like that! Your little house is so beautiful, you know, that nobody expects to find anyone here."

"There's no sense to that," said Sasha haughtily.

"Of the concrete highway Archie asked the inevitable question. "What are you doing to-day?"

And Sasha who had waited

for it, drew a long breath. A sad, lonesome breath.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Come off! A girl like you on a day like this!" Archie scoffed. "Tell me one more beautiful, and I'll feel over, knocked out."

"No, really," protested Sasha wide-eyed. "What is there for a girl like me? I don't enjoy the things my own kind do. Association with you and your brother and the people who come into your office has done me a lot of harm. I long to see places and meet fine people. I'd give anything just to have one dance to-day in a place like—like the Meadowland Country Club."

"Oh, well—yes," said Archie blankly.

"Are you going there?" asked Sasha softly.

"Sure. We all drop in some time or other on a day like this," said Archie. "Have to. Like sending Christmas cards at Christmas, you know."

"How nice," said Sasha and a hint of his brother's perfume swept Archie's face.

"We get sick of it," said Archie. "You get sick of most anything. Did you ever think of that?"

"There are some things," said Sasha firmly, "which would never affect me that way."

"That's what you think," said Archie. "Why, I know a girl who has been in the Meadowland, and she's not at all satisfied. Great jumping trips! Suppose he had let this out to me."

Apparently Sasha did not notice. Her eyes, blue fire behind their long lashes, stared dreamily at the concrete ribbon which their insoluble car was rapidly eating up.

"I wish," she said ever so softly, "you could take me to the Meadowland Club today for just a peep. Could you? I'd love to see it. We could walk in and look around and come right out again."

Archie was horrified. His brother's fifty little steno! Paul would play him. He would never live it down. This doll knew nothing about the aristocratic walls of the Meadowland and its reform, its history, its stiff-necked rules and traditions.

"You'd be so darn uncomfortable you would be sorry you had gone," he blurted. "Folks have to be born into the Meadowland. And even then if your hair is too red or your teeth are blacklisted. It is nothing to me, but old place. And it's nothing to me. Everything you hear about like that is that way. Brass Mud. Trash when you get it at last. I couldn't take you there, beautiful."

Sasha's soft mouth hardened with determination. Something was to be kindled behind the first of her eyes. The day would come when she would entertain in this silly old club.

It was time now to spring what he had seen the night before.

"Well, why is it so much worse for me to enter the Meadowland Club than for the exclusive Barrie Rowan to sneak into the Cherry Dragon with you on New Year's Eve?" she pouted now as though this thing she had asked him was impossible.

But it almost ditched the reader.

"Why—how do you know about the Cherry Dragon?" asked Archie faintly.

"I was there with a man," said

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23

(Continued from Page 23)

He shook hands indolently with

"But I am an excellent chauffeur," protested Mr. Lord earnestly. "I not only drive well, but am an expert mechanic. I know practically everything about



TOOT

PASTE

TOOTH PASTE

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

The Cryptogram Murder by Howard Vincent O'Brien

(Continued from Page 24)

was leaning over, his arm deep in the machinery. "Try," he said. "Later, when he recovered consciousness, he recalled dimly that the Count had hushed something like 'tricked again' just as he felt himself propelled violently forward, and his legs were jerked out from under him. But he was not sure that the Count had said these words; they might merely have been recalled from a fairly wide reading of detective fiction. In fact, the only thing he was positively sure of was that he was the center of a brilliant constellation of stars—after which, oblivion.

When he came to, he was lying beside the car, and his head ached violently. Then he felt a pair of hands under his shoulder and heard a rich Lancashire voice sympathetically inquiring his address.

He found it difficult, at first, to make his tongue function. When he succeeded, he said to the good Samaritan, who was evidently someone's chauffeur, "You are wrong in your suspicions. I never touch alcohol in anything but liquid form. That is to say, I am not drunk. I have either fallen from a great height, or a great height has fallen on me."

This sounded a little involved, and he tried to clarify his thought. But the chauffeur urged him to silence, assuring him that he would feel better in the morning.

Mr. Lord was not soothed. He managed to struggle to his feet, though his head hurt him a good deal. The curious, furry sensation, however, was beginning to leave him. "Did you happen to see a gentleman," he inquired earnestly, "that is to say, a person, in a fur coat, rather tall, and I would suspect, rather hurried—in this immediate neighborhood?"

"The only person I've seen around here," answered the chauffeur, "was a tall man in a fur coat who wanted to hire me to drive him somewhere. But I—"

"Where did he go?" "Well, I thought I saw him get into another car, five or six cars down, and drive off in it. And now that you mention it, he did seem rather in a hurry, like 'In that respect, I'm sure," murmured Mr. Lord, fumbling busily in the dark recesses of the car's motor, "he has nothing whatever on me."

The chauffeur's curiosity was

aroused. "And what, if I ask, are you up to in this?" he inquired.

Mr. Lord stepped back, letting the hood fall with a bang. "I'm an expert mechanic," he said, "and I have been replacing a magneto pencil which had been—ah—mis-laid."

"A magneto pencil?" repeated the chauffeur, his mouth agape as the motor began to roar and throb. "What the—?"

The reply of the tall young man with a moustache in his eye was not very enlightening. "An an iron track—no, blamed ancient for that old fox."

Whereupon the car leaped forward, swerved sharply, and roared away up the Avenue des Alpes.

"Gee blime," muttered the chauffeur in an awed voice, "I ain't drunk—he's crazy!"

CHAPTER XXI. The Count Guido Makes a Proposal.

WITH the hastily sketched plan of operations which Mr. Lord had given them, Randall and the Signorina Bertelli found no difficulty in getting into the Villa Roschova.

They paused in the cellar to listen, but they could hear no sounds in the house above them.

Nor was the inside door locked. The stairs creaked alarmingly, as they ascended, but still there was no sound. That, however, as Randall whispered, proved nothing, since the old domestic was deaf.

Upstairs, they halted again to consult their map. Chiara pointed to a closed door. "That is the room," she whispered, her voice shaking. "His workroom."

Randall tried the knob. "Can't find it—locked!" Impetuously, and regardless of the noise, he gave it his shoulder. But she checked him.

"Useless to do that. This is not a modern house. They build solidly in the old days, you know."

He looked at her helplessly.

"Well then?"

"He has already left him, and he could hear her tiptoeing down the hall. In a moment she returned. They made locks simply too. Here are some of the other keys. Perhaps one will fit."



"See it is you, the Count said, His Face Express—'I thought—you were dead.'"

"Gee!" he whispered admiringly, as he slipped a key into the lock.

The first one failed to work, but the second one did, and the door swung open. For an instant, he hesitated. He was certain that no one was in the room, and yet—he felt his muscles grow taut at the very thought of being in the inner shrine of such a monster of evil as they had learned the Count Guido to be.

And then, with a toss of his head, he stepped across the threshold.

They found the cupboard, as Mr. Lord had described it. Their hands shook as they opened the door, which was fastened only with a wooden latch. In front of them lay a pile of old newspapers and magazines, some road maps, a couple

of empty bottles—and a metal

box under the burden, he sprang for the doorway, Chiara after him.

But he stopped abruptly, as if he had been struck. The door

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TO AVOID THESE SKIN FAULTS

Keep your UNDER SKIN active

Keep your UNDER SKIN active

Keep your UNDER SKIN active

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and sprang forward, and the room was flooded with light. The Count Guido, smiling, said: "I do not recall having issued any invitations for the evening," he said naively.

For a moment, Randall stood blankly stupidly in the sudden blaze of light. Then, suddenly, he reached behind him. But the Count raised his left hand in a gesture of dissent, and some-thing fell out of his right.

"If your argument is true," said I will prove you of it."

"Will you be so good enough to lend it to me?" the Count asked.

"I will," said Randall, and he handed the Count the book.

The Count shook his head. "I do not understand," he said naively. "I have a book which you have been reading."

"I have been reading it," said Randall, "and I have found it very interesting."

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"Gee, I'm glad I've got you for a mother!"

What a rush of gratitude wells up in a child when she has her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria, the children's laxative! Children love its pleasant taste!

And how important taste is in a child's laxative! Think back, Mother—how upsetting to your youngster's nerves, her digestion, her whole delicate system was her fear and rebellion over a bad-tasting dose!

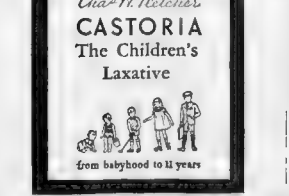
The willingness with which children take Fletcher's Castoria is a serious reason, but only one reason—why this is the right laxative to give your child...

Think you, Mother, "My dear child,"

Fletcher's Castoria is safe—safe as the food you choose for your child. It is gentle on the stomach for the needs of young systems. It contains no narcotics. And no harsh purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

It will never cause gripping pain. It is not habit-forming. It is very gentle—yet very thorough. From the time your child is a tiny babe until she is 11 years old, turn to Fletcher's Castoria whenever she needs a laxative.

Buy a bottle today. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher. The Family-Sure bottle is most economical.



from babyhood to 11 years



Beauty's Workshop is under Your Skin

Under your skin, too, glands produce the oils to keep your skin clear, smooth and healthy. But these glands can become clogged with dirt and sebum, leading to blackheads, blemishes, dryness, and sagging tissues.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to flush your pores clean of all impurities and stimulate your underskin. In the morning—during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth your make-up will go on more evenly than ever.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin. Send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and we will rush your supply right off to you.

Mail coupon today for Generous Package—POND'S, Dept. E-31, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ for your postage and packing. For special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for both treatments, with generous sample of 2 ounce Pond's Cold Cream and 3 1/2 ounce jar of Pond's Face Powder.

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GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

THE NEW
NO-SCRUB, NO-BOIL
LAUNDRY SOAP
THAT'S
Really Safe

Multiplies
500 TIMES IN SUDS

27

(Continued from Double Page)

Conscious of the charm imparted to her beauty by the graceful bearing of her attitude, Mlle. Guislaine—whose mission in life was love—became extraordinarily adroit in dangling herself before the eyes of men, and was the idol of the Quarter. But behind a fair mask she concealed depths of depravity, and, among other vices, had formed the dangerous habit. Her rosy complexion turned white—that whiteness was a warning sign—when she came in sight. The drug, with which she daily intoxicated herself, brought

For a brief season at the T. Lion hospital, she tried to kill herself again by taking bichloride of iron, but failed once more. Next, she attempted to shorten her days by dancing and drinking all night at the Bal Bullier, where she was called the "incarnation of Mimi Pinson." Later on Sarah became a model, posing for Gerome, Rodolph and Laurent, and in-painting "Le bal de la Folie" celebrated "Cléopâtre Baume."

the misfortune to ask the advice of a music-floving art student, who praised her figure and told her to get a job as a model. The rascal gave Carmen the address of the St. Lazare prison for jail-bros (hospiters and wantons), and she decided it was all right. Intuition of Fine Arts. The guileful girl thanked him and raced off at once to the prison, where she was soundly rated by the guardians, who wanted to lock her up, believing she was crazy or trying to make fun of them.

which has gathered over the Latin Quarter today, Mlle. Carmen Vieux hopes for a brighter future. After taking counsel of her cards (she has no need of dried chameleons or lodestone-like "Carmen," the hiro-omani-rane's tale), she recently predicted that 1935 would be a fruitful year—for engineers, savants and architects. As the hyl-son nothing about positive support or, indeed, the Ro-omani-rane depressed than ever.

ivory or Green Figure—25¢

DRAINING FOODS: More sanitary and more absorbent for draining grease from bacon and fried foods



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100 SCOTTFOWELS and 1 ENAMELED FIXTURE
AND \$1 00 FOR 6 ROLLS AND ONE FIXTURE
of towel fixture desired ☐ Ivory ☐ pale

HE WAS RIGHT! I didn't know my new car's power until I changed to Fiat! What a difference in response and flexibility in traffic! How much pleasanter driving with my family when the roads are crowded! How satisfying to know that I'm getting *all* the pleasure from my car investment.

2. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries.

To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment—NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!

"I WOULDN'T BUY ANY CAR WITHOUT A STEEL BODY AND HYDRAULIC BRAKES!"



Only Plymouth Gives
You All Four:

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
2. SAFETY-STEEL BODY
3. MODERN RE-DISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT
4. 12% TO 20% LESS GAS AND OIL



"I'LL SAY IT'S STEEL—all-steel, reinforced with steel, throughout! That's an all-steel center post. Window frames, doors, braces, roof supports...it's all steel. Even the floor is steel. Plymouth's safety-steel body not only protects you; it is a body that stays right and quiet and strong for the life of the car—saving both annoyance and expense. It pays to insist upon all-steel body construction when you're buying a new car.

SAFEST BRAKES MADE—Nothing can stop you so quickly, evenly and smoothly, as genuine hydraulic brakes...always equalized because they are self-equalizing. The braking action is equal on all wheels...and on both brake-shoes of each wheel. You stop "straight ahead." These safe Plymouth brakes have new centrifuge drums which greatly lengthen the life of brake linings, too...another economy Plymouth provides.

Look into Safety, when you look at "All Three" leading low-priced cars!

"So you notice a Plymouth, eh? That's smart. That's the car I'd buy, myself." Talk to any traffic authority...any insurance man...any editor. They'll tell you, and tell you straight:

"Get a car with hydraulic brakes...and a steel body. The time to think about safety is when you're buying."

Safety...that's why Plymouth has always had genuine hydraulic brakes. Brakes that are fool-proof...self-equalizing...with instantaneous stopping-power.

For the same reason, Plymouth pioneered the all-steel body...and has only all-steel bodies today. All-steel...reinforced with steel, throughout.

Of "All Three" leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is the only one that gives you both these vital, modern safeguards. It's the world's safest low-priced car!

When you look at "All Three," you'll see that Plymouth is the biggest, the most

beautiful. But you'll have to experience Plymouth's *Floating Ride* to know how comfortable a back seat can be when weight is correctly distributed...in the way introduced by the famous "Airflow" cars.

And you'll have to drive this big, fast new Plymouth to convince yourself that such

flashing acceleration and such thrilling power can actually be delivered on 12% to 20% less gas and oil!

Drive "All Three"...and remember, it's best to be safe. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will gladly arrange for you to drive the New Plymouth...and he'll explain the attractive terms offered by the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.



THE BIG FELLOW of "All Three" lowest-priced cars...the most beautiful...outside and inside!

PLYMOUTH

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AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT

FLASH GORDON



BY-
ALEX
RAYMOND

AZURA, THE WITCH-QUEEN, HAS CAPTURED FLASH, DALE AND KHAN WITH SLEEP-GAS--SHE ROUSES FLASH FROM HIS COMA ONLY TO GIVE HIM LETHIUM, THE DRUG OF FORGETFULNESS---

QUEER--CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I AM--AND I HAD TO DO SOMETHING----SAVE SOMEBODY-----

DON'T WORRY, MY SOLDIER PRINCE-- YOU KNOW ME, YOUR QUEEN, AZURA-----



FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO FOGGY--MAYBE I WAS STRUCK DURING A BATTLE-----

YOU ARE FORGIVEN, MY HANDSOME PRINCE--- COME WITH ME



YOU MEAN YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL YOUR PAST LIFE? EVEN OUR LOVE?

MY PAST IS A BLANK--BUT I DO KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE MOST GORGEOUS WOMAN I HAVE EVER SEEN!



MY PRINCE, I WISH TO TEST YOU--DO YOU KNOW THOSE TWO?

NO--I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE IN MY LIFE--A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, THOUGH!



BRING THAT MAN TO LIFE-- THAT MY PRINCE MAY PROTECT ME WITH HIS SWORD!



FLASH, YOUR MAJESTY, WHERE IS DALE?

FLASH? DALE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



HE IS A WAR PRISONER OF OURS-- CRAZY FROM WOUNDS--I'M GLAD YOU'RE LOYAL TO ME, PRINCE FLASH

I ALWAYS WILL BE, MY QUEEN



5-12

NEXT WEEK-- SLAVES OF THE WITCH-QUEEN!